

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I. Germany and the Entente Powers. <i>By E. J. Dillon</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	387
II. The Case for the Allies	NEW STATESMAN	397
III. Demi-Royal. Chapter XXIX. A Queen's Birthday. <i>By Ashton Hilliers.</i> (Concluded)		400
IV. The War and Wealth	ATHENÆUM	415
V. Gray	TIMES	418
VI. The Great Drought. <i>By S. Ulfers.</i> (Concluded)		424
VII. "Down Glasses"—The Test Case	SPECTATOR	434
VIII. Rufus and Rummie. <i>By R. C. Lehmann</i>	PUNCH	437
IX. A Note on Style. <i>By G. A. B. D.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	438
X. The Darkness	NEW STATESMAN	440
XI. The Two Replies	MANCHESTER GUARDIAN	443
XII. Mr. Balfour's Dispatch to America	LONDON CHRONICLE	445
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XIII. The Highway. <i>By H. Bagenal</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	386
XIV. The Song of the Bombard	PUNCH	386
XV. The Illusion of Love. <i>By Sarojini Naidu</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	386
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		447



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THE HIGHWAY.

Here knights have clattered past, here
pikemen proud,
Here fainting pilgrims eastward not a
few,
And shy, shade-lingering lovers, two
and two,
And nuns and novices in saintly crowd.
Here Louis Bien-aimé emblazoned
loud.
And here have high-famed conscripts
carried through
Scarred standards to their doom at
Waterloo,
And all have hoped and vanished into
shroud.

And now on Time's top wave come
laboring these,
With new beliefs, new hopes, new Love,
new Trust:
Still tramp the long battalions through
the dust
And still from yon half circle of old
trees—
High whispering chancel that the
night wind calms—
Still Christ on Calvary holds out His
arms.

H. Bagenal.

The Saturday Review.

THE SONG OF THE BOMBARD.

*Our fathers rode to battle,
Our fathers did prevail,
With breastplate, greave and solleret,
With hauberk and camail.
They broke a lance with the Knights of
France,
And flashed a five-foot blade,
All in the days of chivalry,
Before the guns were made.*

Close in his flaming smithy
A strong churl stooped and wrought,
Hewed, hammered, pared and measured
A wizard's life of thought. . . .
Our fathers laughed, "Is the varlet daft,
That he deems a knightly crest
Shall quake when he vomits smoke and
noise?"
And the bombard heard them jest.

Deep in his throat he answered

(His voice was passing strong):
"Squire, Baron, Earl and Princeling,
Ye shall feel my stroke ere long!
Never a Knight in his mail so bright
But the bolts I cast can slay";
The Knights charged home as the bom-
bard spoke;

And where are the Knights today?

List to the song of the bombard

(His voice is passing clear):

"Here in the ranks of England!
The Red Cross Knights are here!
While still they call on the Lord of all
And die for a Knightly King,
In the souls of English gentlemen
The old white spark shall spring!"

Our fathers rode to battle,

Our fathers did prevail,

*With breastplate, greave and solleret,
With hauberk and camail.*

*They broke a lance with the Knights of
France,*

And flashed a five-foot blade,

All in the days of chivalry,

Before the guns were made.

Punch.

THE ILLUSION OF LOVE.

Beloved, you may be as all men say
Only a transient spark
Of flickering flame set in a lamp of
clay . . .

I care not, since you kindle all my dark
With the immortal lustres of the day.
And tho', as men deem, Dearest, you
may be

Only a common shell

Chance-winneded by the sea-winds
from the sea . . .

I care not, since you make so audible
The subtle murmurs of Eternity.

And tho' you be, like men of mortal race,
Only a hapless thing

Which Death might mar or Destiny
efface . . .

I care not, since unto my heart you
bring

The very Vision of God's dwelling-place.
Sarojini Naidu.

The Westminster Gazette.

GERMANY AND THE ENTENTE POWERS.*

The end of 1916 left the Allied peoples still battling resolutely for right and liberty, but under material conditions that differ widely from those which cast a deep shadow over the Yuletide of 1915. The progress achieved during those twelve months almost transcends belief. At the outset the odds were all in favor of the enemy. His armies far outnumbered those of the Entente States. His tactics were suited to time and place. To every one of our machine guns he had four or five at work mowing down the ranks of the French and the Russians. Down to the historic defence of Verdun and even later, his heavy artillery was incomparably more powerful than ours. His airships ensured for him complete mastery of the sky. In a word, his conception of latter-day warfare was comprehensive and his fulfilment of its conditions thorough. The Allies in comparison were the merest tyros, and tyros taken by surprise.

Happily, the Entente peoples have changed all that by the marvelous effort of sustained will-power and unexampled industry put forth during the heat and strain of the war. The vast machinery set up in Britain, France, and Russia has raised the total output of munitions to our adversaries' level. We possess heavy guns and high explosives in relative abundance. Our air-fleet on the battlefield is more than a match for the German forces. Hence a disaster like that which befel the Russians last year for lack of munitions is now become impossible, so long as communications between East and West are continuous and adequate. Moreover, in spite of redoubtable difficulties, a

certain approach to unity of direction has been effected between this country and France.

And the results of these ameliorations have made themselves felt on the battlefield. On the three Western fronts we have definitively wrested the initiative from the enemy, inflicted on him a series of sanguinary defeats, pierced his lines, and captured some commanding positions. In diplomacy, too, success has crowned our statesmen's endeavors, and Roumania, whose longed-for intervention was interpreted in advance as the beginning of the final act of the great war, suddenly drew the sword and gave us a contribution of four hundred thousand men and a footing in the Near East, where it was urgently needed. And if her rapid and brilliant conquests have been snatched from her by the watchful and resourceful enemy, no doubt is expressed by those who ought to know that the loss is only temporary, and that with Russia's aid the ground yielded will shortly be won back with interest. A further symptom of the changed situation is Germany's avowed desire to end the war, and the circumstance that it is not considerations of humanity that make her yearn for peace. The pinch of hunger is being felt and impatiently borne throughout the Fatherland and in the Habsburg Monarchy. A procession of 80,000 people in Dresden, headed by the Socialist chiefs, recently clamored for food or the immediate cessation of hostilities. The armies of the Central Empires have been decimated on the field, and Germany's total casualties, acknowledged officially, since the outbreak of the war amount to 3,755,693 men. And the public utterances of Entente Ministers breathe unshaken confidence in final victory, and express

*This article was written before the change of Ministry in England and the recent French victory at Verdun.—ED. F. R.

an inflexible determination to ignore all peace proposals until then.

That is one view of the auspices under which the Allies are about to meet the new, and one would fain add decisive, year.

And yet the Entente peoples, although nowise exacting, can hardly be described as easy in mind. While they make the best of the present situation and resign themselves to what the future seemingly has in store for them, they are contented with neither. They are too forcibly struck by the width of the chasm that sunders consummation from effort, the summer achievement from the annual spring promise. None the less, their spirit is unbroken and their zeal still ardent. They deem no sacrifice too painful for the furtherance of the cause. On the battlefield they cheerfully lay down their lives, at home they give freely of their substance, and they are minded to persevere to the end.

But they account the price already paid in blood and treasure as out of all proportion greater than the results hitherto secured. While firmly believing in our ultimate triumph, their faith is shaken in the foresight of those whose past prophecies have yielded only disappointment and bitterness. And when they hear that we are certain to reach the goal at last they would fain evoke some mental picture of the successive stages we shall traverse before we get there, and form a notion of our condition in the hour of triumph. But through the mazy windings of the actual tangle no clue is vouchsafed them.

The hour for fruitful strictures on the general conception of the campaign has gone by, and recriminations at this stage would only be mischievous. For the seed sown will bring forth fruit after its kind in the fulness of time, and the wit of man will not avail to change a cabbage into an oak. *Atea*

jacta est. The problem today is to accomplish all that is still within the reach of our present leaders who dispose of enormous resources, and whatever the outcome, to resign ourselves to that. And the worst that need be said of them is that they are giving us of their best. If the successes they have foretold have hardly ever come to pass, the reason is that events which they did not foresee caused their plans to miscarry. With that plea it would be waste of time to quarrel. Blame for their incompetency is no longer helpful, but it is all the more desirable that we should have some rational grounds for the belief that no further unforeseen occurrences will put out their remaining calculations on which we are staking so much. For of all the promises hitherto lavished on the peoples of the Entente by their responsible chiefs the only one of decisive importance that has not yet ended in disappointment is that of final victory. And for the realization of that it behoves us to hope on and to strive against any odds.

In one respect—at present, perhaps, the only one—Germany still has a telling advantage over us; for the purposes of this war she and her confederates are a single people. And she utilizes it to the utmost. Unity of direction, continuity of aims, and co-ordination of effort impart a force to her movements which no coalition can hope for unless its components be welded together in the same solid fashion. She carries on the war with a single-mindedness that compels admiration. No other care distracts her attention. Compared with this, her own internal politics, Bulgaria's national aspirations, the centrifugal fits of Hungary, and Austria's sensitiveness are as dust in the balance. The omnipotent Kaiser himself has stooped before Hindenburg in order to conquer. Whatsoever conduces to victory is

good, and everything that interferes with the successful course of the campaign is of evil. Problems of war and diplomacy are closely studied from the moment they seem likely to become actual, and plans are woven long before the eventuality that will call for them has been realized.

Contrasted with that, our mode of thought is Epimethean. For instance, our great war council of Boulogne* was not convoked to deliberate on the Near Eastern front until Turtukai, Silistria, and Constanza had fallen and Brasso had been recaptured by the enemy. And at that assembly only the military and political delegates of Great Britain and France were present. Russia, Italy, and Roumania were not represented. This is not criticism, still less blame. It is a statement of fact illustrating the conditions under which we are conducting the war. For if we are to take sanguine views of our march to victory, it is meet that we count the lions on our path and estimate our means of affronting them.

At our enemies' war councils there are no wordy debates among men of different tongues, who use bad language to each other in their efforts to make themselves understood. For there is no War Lord but the Kaiser, and at present Hindenburg is his prophet, and the behests of these two are as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Our enemies may lack a Moltke and a Bismarck to pilot them through the tempestuous seas of strategy and politics, but they possess efficient organizers gifted with acumen, who wage war ruthlessly, put faith in the law of causality, and know how to adjust means to ends.

The Entente, on the other hand, is composed of peace-loving peoples headed by peace-loving chiefs, guided by principles of forbearance, who make it a point of honor to mitigate

as far as possible the horrors of warfare and cultivate the amenities of civilization. The members of this concern are too proud to brook the subjection to which Turkey, Bulgaria, and even Austria submit, each one being as good as its ally, and to its own thinking a great deal better. Hence perfect liberty of action, military and political, is demanded and allowed, although each one expects results which only the subordination of individual interests and the coordination of joint efforts could ensure. And over and above this, the several Allied countries indulge in the luxury of party politics, now one group of parliamentarians plucking the coat-tails of the Minister or the General, now another upbraiding him for this, warning him against that, or mayhap trying to oust him from office irrespective of what he says or does.

It is argued that for this lack of unity and for the waste of effort it entails no one Government can fairly be taken to task, nor is it the fault of a nation, still less of a Minister, if one of the Allies, hearkening to the voice of excessive caution or of national daring, should limit its military efforts to a single region or make a dash for its "unredeemed" territory instead of combining its advance with that of its allies. To this contention one might hazard the reply that on that member of the Entente which possesses the largest resources, bears the heaviest burdens, and enjoys the greatest influence, lies the obligation of refusing to acquiesce in the obvious and baleful errors of its partners. The union that can be effected only by a hypocritical pretence of sharing erroneous views of policy or by the false magnanimity of conniving at them in an ally in order to save appearances, is sure to work more mischief in the long run than need be apprehended from a resolute stand at the outset. The moral cour-

*October 21st.

age to say "No" when "Yes" would upset well-laid plans or defeat common ends is not only of the essence of statesmanship, it is also a primary element of common sense. Had our statesmen possessed it we might have been saved from disaster in Roumania, from the play of cross purposes at Salonica and from humiliation in Greece.

It is no defence to argue that in all cases compromise was the effect of heavy pressure resorted to by this or that Cabinet. If the leading Government knew better and could press harder, it should have carried its point. For conformity to error is as mischievous in waging war as in ending it. *And it is a highly dangerous precedent to boot.* It was this ingrained spirit of compromise coupled with ignorance of the peoples of Eastern Europe that lost us Turkey, that caused the ruin of Serbia, that enabled the Bulgars to dupe and entrap us anew last August, that kept Greece invested with the power to frustrate our schemes, that is giving our enemies a Polish army, and that has brought down on Roumania the sequence of reverses that now awaken our vain compassion.

This war has been carried on from the first—except by the heroic soldiers who have fought its battles—in a spirit of pettifogging compromise. The Allied Governments, despite good intentions and many praiseworthy efforts, have never succeeded in acquiring the correct sense of perspective, the right measure of efficiency, nor the audacity which, born of grounded self-reliance, is limited only by a comprehensive knowledge of circumstances. If any of the Entente Powers were represented by a man of clear insight, suasive speech, and resolute character, whether civilian or military, he would have contrived to bend without difficulty the resources and activities which were being wasted on narrow and

barren national interests, to the common, generous endeavor on the success of which depends the furtherance of all individual aims. But what concerns the belligerent peoples today is not wrangling about the past. They are anxious to know where they actually stand and what they have to hope for. For those who have occasionally peeped behind the scenes are downcast. If this continuous dispersal of effort and the waste of resources it involves be defects inseparable from our coalition, engendering results that must be reckoned with, the question arises whether in our official calculations it is being duly allowed for. If the Governments of the Entente are unable to do away with this dangerous stumbling-block, can they not at least estimate approximately its influence as a perturbing factor and let that pierce through their cheering forecasts?

Surely by this time the main results of these centrifugal tendencies are well enough known to enable one to gauge pretty accurately their trend and force. The story of Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Roumania bristles with them. Happily, they have left intact the unanimity of the Allies respecting the necessity of fighting to a finish, while protracting the duration of the contest indefinitely.

For that would seem to be one of the consequences of Roumania's intervention. And yet that intervention did not come to any of the Entente Powers as a surprise. It had been expected, hoped for, striven after for nearly two years. It was the last trump card in the hands of the Allies, who had held so many at the outset. And they have unwittingly handed it over to the enemy. They felt sure it would enable them to sever communications between Berlin and Constantinople, to throw open the Dardanelles, put Russia in contact with her allies, deprive the Central Empires of the

military and economic help they had been receiving from Turkey and Bulgaria, inflict on them a dead loss of three million auxiliaries, and so tighten the blockade as almost to exhaust their resources. It was also to have freed the British and Russian armies in Transcaucasia, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, which could then be employed elsewhere. And in the judgment of competent persons, if the matter had been placed in the hands of men of clear vision and tenacious energy all those results might easily have been obtained.

But the golden opportunity was botched, the trump card ceded to the enemy. What the nations amass, their Ministers dissipate. Roumania's intervention has augmented the territorial pledges held by Germany for bargaining at the peace negotiations; it has extended her war map; it has put her in possession of certain reserves of cereals, petroleum, munitions, and other necessities, and to this extent loosened the grip of the blockading Powers; it has allowed her to gain a firm footing in Roumania, shortened her Eastern front and opened up the prospect of occupying the whole country, as she has occupied Belgium, Serbia, Poland, and Montenegro; it has added to the list of fateful errors perpetrated by the Allied Cabinets, encouraged Germany to taunt these with their methods of championing the lesser nations, cheered the heart of King Constantine and his lieutenants, rendered neutral States more accessible to German intimidation, and has detracted from the confidence which the Entente peoples hitherto reposed in their Governments. And its effect on the *moral* of those nations is proportionately profound and disquieting.

To the peoples of the Central Empires it came as a godsend. Hindenburg's delight was almost rapturous.

"The Roumanians," he exclaimed to a journalist, "are in retreat. . . . I hailed with joy their entry into the struggle, for, thanks to them, we have emerged from the war of positions and passed anew to operations that are fresh and joy-bringing."

Roumania, who was to have been our decisive auxiliary, is thus become a source of worry. As a neutral she conferred valuable services on the Allies, but as an ally she is become a heavy burden. Yet our chiefs had two years to devise their plans and put their measures into execution. They knew by heart all the technical difficulties and all the strategic dangers of the new situation, for it was on these hindrances and perils that M. Bratianu and his military advisers had based their refusal to abandon neutrality. That statesman had repeatedly pointed out to the Allies that Roumanian territory is exposed to attack along frontiers so extensive that her little army could never suffice to guard them effectively if left to herself, and that unless her powerful protectors were minded and ready to provide all that was lacking her intervention would be a curse, not a blessing, to them. M. Bratianu and his military fellow-workers in Bucharest and M. Diamandi, Roumanian Minister in Petrograd, made it clear to the ally most nearly concerned that Roumania's effective military strength was slender—some 400,000 men at the outset—and that even these scanty forces might have to be split into two owing to the nature of the country, which necessitated both a field army and an army operating in the mountains.

In reply to pressing exhortations, not to say veiled behests, to take sides with the Entente, M. Bratianu pleaded all those sources of misgivings, and added that neither the railway system nor the roads were adequate to the needs of a campaign carried on by a

small army, and that these defects could not be remedied otherwise than by the dispatch of Allied troops in correspondingly large numbers. "Unless," his friends argued, "this condition is fulfilled, Roumania's intervention will harm, in lieu of helping, the Allied cause. Today the Russian left wing is protected against attack by Roumania's neutrality, the advantages of which you Allies apparently realize very imperfectly. If we join you tomorrow, that wing will no longer be covered. You will therefore have to employ far more troops in the defence of your own army, besides allotting two or three hundred thousand to the strengthening of ours. For the problem will not have been solved by providing us with an adequate defence of our territory. That is assuredly not what you are aiming at. Your scheme is an offensive against the enemy; consequently, your share of the military contribution must be fully commensurate with that. Do you fully realize the position, and can you carry the burdens it imposes?"

Words of that tenor were repeatedly addressed to the Allies by the Roumanian Government long before the 27th August. And the Allies had ample time to weigh their import and devise corresponding plans. Obviously, it was the right and the duty of each Cabinet to see that these plans included all the precautions necessitated by Roumania's strategic disability, and that the practical measures indispensable were really adopted or fully prepared. And if this duty was not discharged, the responsibility for neglect is shared by all the Allies alike. It is no answer to plead that Russia being the Power most closely concerned, everything was left to her. In this war each Ally is an integral part of the Coalition; each is influenced by all, and it is precisely on this interaction that we depend for

the nearest approach that can be made to unity of direction. Neither is it a valid excuse to plead that if the Entente had not brought Roumania in on its side, Germany would have forced her to come in on hers. For in wartime the Foreign Office of a nation should act as one of the departments of the War Office.

And to the forcible motives that we always have had to strain every nerve to worst the enemy, an unusually powerful stimulus was in this case superadded. Germany had lost her initiative, and was being driven continuously from her trenches in the West. The enemy peoples were believed to have grown dejected and restive. A politico-military success was become a necessity for the Central Empires, and they looked longingly eastwards for the chance of scoring it. Then, again, the economic effects of the blockade were telling perceptibly on the *moral* of their populations, and bade fair to hamper their military efficiency. Now Roumania possesses the wherewithal to supply all their needs and to alleviate, if not to nullify, the naval blockade. Her granaries and storehouses are filled with corn. Petroleum and benzine are to be had in abundance. The temptation to seize hold of them was powerful. For with these sources of supply to draw from, the Central Empires might continue to snap their fingers at our costly efforts to starve them and carry on the struggle for an additional twelvemonth or more. Hence they were sure to put forth a superhuman effort, and the Allies' first duty was to keep Roumania neutral until they disposed of the means of thwarting it.

Yet with all these potent motives for circumspection, energy, and thoroughness, the Allies rashly insisted on Roumania's intervention. And then they were so utterly unable to utilize

it that they allowed her armies to be transformed from victorious assailants into discomfited defenders of their native soil, her cities to be occupied, and her strategic positions captured by the "one and indivisible" enemy. In fairness, we should add that today the Entente is laudably ready to undertake the action which a few months ago might have decided the issue of the war. And its responsible spokesmen have hopes that by dint of extraordinary efforts and heavy sacrifices they may yet contrive to rescue the little State whose descent into the arena was to have been the prelude to victory. They are now working hard to disprove the popular saw that prevention is better than cure. But Roumania did not come into the war solely in order to give the Entente an opportunity to rescue her.

On the direct consequences of the unfortunate methods which have thus converted our most trenchant arm against the enemy into a lethal weapon against ourselves it is needless to dwell further. A glance at the map of Roumania and at the daily newspaper telegrams and articles will supply data for a judgment. On its indirect effects, which are slurred over by most publicists, it may not be amiss to make a relevant observation. The worst of these is the undermining of the *moral* of the people affected. And on this theme there is much to be said. Happily, the nations of the Entente are incomparably superior to their authorized chiefs, who have hitherto followed instead of leading. The energies which the British, French, Russian, and Italian peoples, as well as those of Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania, have displayed outdo in force and constancy the most inspiriting examples recorded in human history. But wonderful though they are, they, too, have their limits. Now the most sinister and penetrating influences

that can be brought to bear upon a warring people are those that impair its moral nerve and unstring its firmness of purpose. And to an undesirable extent that is the tendency of such recent events as the defeat of Roumania and the "resurrection" of the kingdom of Poland and the perfidy of the Allies' spoiled child, King Constantine. The root of the unflagging ardor and self-abnegation so nobly, so perseveringly manifested by the peoples of the Entente is their lively faith in the final victory that will give them stable peace. That is the goal towards which all their endeavors tend. Heretofore it seemed within easy reach. The decisive year was to be 1917. The grounds for this conviction were the vast superiority of our resources, the positive assurances of our Governments, and our military successes in France and Flanders.

The self-same grounds were taken to warrant the certitude that Roumania's co-operation would deal a stunning, perhaps a deadly, blow to the enemy. For here our superior resources had a fertile field; the asseverations of our official prophets were equally positive, and Russia's military successes constituted a pledge of victory. Yet we failed, and not merely failed but placed a new and terrible weapon in the hands of our adversary. May we not conclude, that the weak-kneed ask, that superior resources are a no surer guarantee of victory in our case than they were when Russia was pitted against Japan in the Manchurian plains? Are the cheering assurances we receive from official quarters respecting the outcome of the war any more trustworthy than the belief, nay, the certitude, inspired by those same assurances respecting our triumphant march to Sofia after Roumania's intervention?

That is a pusillanimous way of looking at the situation. The secret of

success is self-reliance, and self-reliance should be as long-lived as hope. Lack of union among the Entente nations and lack of foresight among Entente Ministers are, it is true, the principal causes of our present plight. But over against these defects and the reverses they engender there are many brilliant achievements to set, and these are due to the energies of the peoples themselves, put forth independently and often in spite of their leaders. And it is on these energies, and only on these, that we still rely. One of the means of maintaining them intact is to allow the cardinal facts and the main difficulties of the situation to be laid before those with whom the supreme decision rests.

Doubtless it may be argued that if all the golden opportunities and superior resources from which we expected a grandiose Balkan victory have been dissipated by the Governments which ought to have turned them to good account, the remaining resources on which we repose all our hopes may be subjected to similar treatment with more disastrous results. Certainly we have no guarantee that the contrary will be the case. All that can be suggested is that, paying no heed to abstract possibilities, we, the peoples, should push forward confidently, scatter doubts and misgivings to the winds, and throw ourselves heart and soul into the work of carrying on the war to a finish.

And yet too great heed cannot be paid to the maintenance of the *moral* of the Allied peoples, which is of incomparably greater moment than even the current problems of strategy and polities. Unhappily it is one of the imponderable elements of the struggle. It has no organic center. Moored fast to nothing tangible, it is influenced only indirectly, impalpably. Judgments are brought to definite conclusions in ways that almost elude

analysis, and it is these judgments that feed the intellectual nerve and the moral fibre of a nation. The plaintive comments, private and public, which recent events in Roumania, Poland, and Greece have evoked supply an instructive object-lesson in the way in which the canker of demoralization is generated and fostered. The Press organ of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs,* for instance, complains of Italian deputies who, when called upon to vote on the general conduct of the war, approve the Government openly, but seize every occasion that offers "to whisper in the lobbies sceptical utterances and pessimist forecasts." To this complaint there is a very simple answer: their parliamentary support of the Cabinet is to the credit of the deputies, while their pessimist forecasts reflect discredit on the Cabinets. When in May last I ventured to write as I thought and to direct public attention to the taproot of our reverses, I was decried as unpatriotic. I had in mind at the time the Turkish proverb: "Open your eyes yourself or else your enemy will open them." Since then the enemy has played his part and we are beginning to see.

And now to sum up. The end of the year 1916 left the Allied nations, after twenty-nine months of the most sanguinary war, in a plight which, whatever official orators and optimistic scribes may say, is not altogether encouraging. The Central Empires which would, we were assured, have to shorten their fronts for lack of reserves, have not only supplied new fronts in the Near East with all they require, but have inflicted a series of painful defeats there on our Allies who had themselves chosen their ground and had two years to make their preparations. And the last little State which was pressed into our

**Giornale d'Italia*, October 27th, 1916.

service is undergoing the fate of the others. Roumania, who entered the war with 450,000 men, of whom about 400,000 were active combatants, has during her brief operations suffered great losses. Bulgaria who was said to be pining away from exhaustion, has recruited a considerable force among her Moslem subjects. Turkey, who was expected to put one million soldiers in the field, has already mobilized a good many more. Austria has had reinforcements from Turkey. Germany has revived the "Kingdom of Poland" for the purpose of drawing thence an army of a million or more.* Roumania, overrun by the Teuton-Tartar armies, will provide our enemies with food-stuffs, petroleum, and other necessities.

On the other fronts our gallant armies have wrought miracles of valor and accomplished much more than their respective peoples could have hoped or the enemy feared. The number of prisoners they have taken and the extent of the trenches they have captured afford conclusive proof of their unexampled dash and staying powers. When, however, we contemplate these results in perspective, as we must; when we consider the heavy price we have paid for them, assess the value of their contribution to the main object of the campaign, and reflect that although we are now in the twenty-ninth month of the war Germany's conquests, instead of getting smaller, have increased, it is impossible to dispel the qualm of uneasiness through which the past and the present compel us to look towards the immediate future.

The Italians, for example, have accomplished superb feats on dizzy,

snow-covered heights, where they had first to struggle with hostile Nature before assailing their human enemy. Their achievements there are lauded by friend and foe. And yet although when almost at the very beginning of their campaign they had already got to within twenty-five kilometres of Trieste, we find that, despite all their subsequent superb efforts and heavy sacrifices, they are today no nearer to that city than twenty-three kilometres. The Salonica army which was to have inaugurated an irresistible offensive contemporaneously with the Roumanian campaign, has sorely disappointed all who are unacquainted with its real condition. We can point with pride to the fact that down to October 1st we had wrested from the enemy on the Western fronts some 300 square kilometres of well-defended ground, in the fight for which each side employed 4,000 heavy guns and exchanged about 26 million shots. These 300 kilometres stand for a military effort which reflects brilliant lustre on the two Allies. When, however, we view this magnificent result in perspective for the purpose of assessing its value as a contribution to the work of driving the enemy out of the occupied territory in the West, we have to bear in mind the significant circumstance that those 300 square kilometres which cost us so much represent but a fraction of the 50,000 square kilometres which he still holds in France and Belgium.

While it would be inept to argue, as some people do, that at our present rate of progress many years must elapse before the Allies can impose their conditions on Germany, it would be hardly less insensate to console ourselves, like so many others, with the reflection that, after all, the worst consequence we need apprehend is the postponement of the final act of the drama for several additional months.

*I know for certain that Hindenburg estimated in his official report the number of recruits he expects to draw from Poland, Lithuania, and White Russia at one million three hundred thousand. Even if we allow for excessive optimism, the accession of man-power from this new source will be considerable.

For every additional month that this war goes on connotes, not only heavy losses to the Allies, but vast possibilities to the enemy, on which far too little stress is being laid. Some of them, indeed, have hardly ever been hinted at. Yet unless frustrated in time they may become the principal factors of the struggle.

Piercing to the pith of the problem they were coping with, the Germans perceived that the tap-root of the Coalition's growing strength is two-fold; their enormous output of munitions and the admirable transport service by which these are carried to their destination. And they resolved to bend all the forces of their peoples and all the machinery of their organization to the destruction of these. Hence the submarine warfare and the wholesale destruction of merchantmen. In May I drew attention to this, as well as to the other dangers in the "heretical" article that appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. I then wrote: "On the water we are happily more fortunate (than on land). None the less, even there the conditions have changed to our detriment. . . . Our loss of tonnage is disquieting. . . . Our commercial fleet is being whittled at both ends—by the enemy on the one side and by ourselves and our Allies on the other. Russia's isolation, which has become more complete, and the growing need of our other belligerent friends, compel our Government to requisition an ever larger percentage of the mercantile shipping, while on the other hand the enemy's submarines are reducing the available total steadily. *It has now become possible to determine how long we can stand the strain of this process*, which is intensified by the further trouble that the submarines are not only reducing our tonnage below our abnormal requirements, but are rendering it occasionally impossible for us to utilize even the

transports available. Happily, at the outbreak of the war our merchant shipping was so large that the losses from submarines during the first phase of hostilities were hardly perceptible. Today they are serious."

Those losses are certainly serious, and they have become so at a moment when our transport system is one of the principal agencies for keeping up the military strength of our Allies on the Continent and the economic well-being of at least one of them. And our enemy is determined to devote his best energies to raising those losses to a level at which our present superiority over him in munitions shall cease. What he has already achieved in this line is fully known to those whose business it is to frustrate the design. And it is not to any neutral State that we can look for help or co-operation. Germany is incessantly building submarines, U boats, and super U boats, each class of which is an improvement on the preceding one. If 262 ships were sunk in four months, before the great U boat campaign began, what toll will the new submarines take, and how long can we stand it? From a glance at the newspapers we may learn the number of vessels sunk, but not the military or money value of their cargoes. I have grounds for apprehending that by next spring this problem of transports will, unless efficacious measures be adopted in the meanwhile, have become pressing. It should not be forgotten that if the hardships from which our enemies are suffering for lack of abundant food-stuffs are serious, the plight of the Russian people is, to put it moderately, equally disquieting, while the straits which the Italian nation apprehends for next spring are quite as formidable.

And parallel with this campaign comes Germany's latest and most intense effort to outdo us industrially

in the production of munitions. Every man in the Fatherland capable of working and not in the fighting line will in virtue of the coming law be obliged in case of need to give his services to the State. Thousands of Belgians are being carried away into servitude in Germany, where they may meet the scores of thousands of Poles who are already toiling and moiling there for our enemies. And the Berlin Government calculates that with the help of these new operatives it will be able to raise the output of munitions by at least 75 per cent.

And every month, every week, that passes is a considerable gain to them and a corresponding loss to us. How in these circumstances anyone can seriously expect us to derive consolation for the Near Eastern bungle from the certitude that the worst evil it can do us is *merely* to prolong the duration of the war by ten or twelve months, is almost inconceivable. And the transport danger is not the only one which time will magnify. In the course of this article I have lightly touched, without dwelling, upon another equally, if not more redoubtable aspect concerning which I have recently gathered instructive data.

In the lengthening out of this world-struggle which a section of the Entente Press and some of our public men contemplate with seeming equanimity, lurks a danger, the dread of which had been haunting me long before I dared to invite public attention to it last

The Fortnightly Review.

May. The proportions it has since assumed among the war factors and the potential consequences with which it is fraught are calculated to fascinate one's gaze and sadden one's thoughts of the new year. In this struggle against a mighty coalition superior to them in man-power, mastery of the sea, financial solvency, and economic resources, the Germans have now adroitly shifted the ground to a region in which all those odds tell least in our favor and where the advantages which organization and contempt for law confer upon them have the fullest scope. They have reduced the problem to these simple terms: "Can we Germans, by putting every immobilized man and boy in the workshops, by increasing our submarine fleet and perfecting its types, raise our output of munitions by 75, 50, or even 30 per cent. while sinking 30 or even 10 per cent. of Britain's output as it crosses the sea? If we succeed in doing both, or if by either effort we turn the balance in our favor, we shall have held our own, despite the man-power, the sea-power, the financial credit, and the economic resources of the world's most formidable coalition."

That is the new aspect of the problem as our enemy conceives it. Its simplicity is self-evident. It is devoutly to be hoped that those among ourselves who alone are conversant with all its elements—if indeed with all—will find means to deal with them promptly, thoroughly, and to our satisfaction.

E. J. Dillon.

THE CASE FOR THE ALLIES.

The significant passage in President Wilson's Note to the belligerent Governments is that in which he points to the apparent identity of the objects for which both sides profess to be

fighting. This passage, whatever impression we may derive from it as to the President's personal views, was obviously intended as a challenge; and it is a challenge which the Allies

should very willingly accept and reply to, unofficially as well as officially, through every channel that is open to them. It is not after all so very surprising that some Americans should be in doubt as to our objects. They were told that Great Britain entered the war to protect Belgium. They believe—very likely on good authority—that Belgium's future is now secure, that Germany is willing to retire from Belgian soil and even possibly to offer some compensation for damage and solemn guarantees for the future. Why, then, they naturally ask, should Great Britain go on fighting, unless it be for ulterior motives which will not bear public avowal? The answer, of course, is in itself simple enough, but it is not altogether easy to explain to people whose knowledge of the realities of European politics is no greater than the average Englishman's or Frenchman's knowledge of the realities of American politics. And the difficulty is increased by the fact that we have never had to explain it to ourselves. We have never, as it were, been called upon to elaborate our own simple and sufficient conviction that we are fighting to beat the Germans, that we have not done it yet, and that if we make peace before we have done it, then no matter what Treaties and Leagues of Peace human ingenuity may construct, we or our children will have to fight them again or accept a German hegemony. Belgian independence may be saved now, but on terms which would render it impossible for anyone to save it twenty years hence. And in very much less time than that—if Germany comes out of this war with undiminished power—Balkan independence will be a memory of the past.

The course of the war up to now, so far from having inclined sober and informed opinion in the Allied countries towards an early peace, has tended more and more to drive home

the conviction that no sacrifice can be too great if thereby a decision can be obtained. For the war has definitely revealed and established certain facts concerning the balance of power in Europe. The most important of these facts may be stated as follows:

(1) The war in the West has made it clear that the possession of an overwhelming striking force prepared to the last button for instant action is the only form of military "preparedness" that is worth having. The nation which can mobilize the largest army in the shortest time after the declaration of war (or, better still, mobilize it before the declaration of war!) has only to invade its enemy's territory as far as it can, and when it is brought to a halt dig itself in. That being accomplished, the invaded country has no alternative but either to resign itself to a war of attrition lasting probably for several years or else to admit itself beaten and make peace on the invader's terms. The premium which this fact places on the enlargement of standing armies and of all the machinery of war needs no elaboration.

(2) The war in the East has made it clear that Russia, though unconquerable as ever, is not, unsupported by Allies, a military Power of the first rank, and for a generation or two at least cannot become one; for under modern conditions military power is completely dependent on industrial power, and industrial power cannot be created in a day or in a decade. Consequently Germany will no longer be held in check by any serious fear of the "Russian hordes."

(3) The war in the South-East has proved that France and England cannot fight Germany in the Balkans, cannot, in fact, intervene there effectively at all by direct action, because of the enormous and permanent natural advantage which Germany (with Austria) possesses in the shape of good land communications from Berlin to the Bosphorus.

(4) The war, as a whole, has shown that Germany is a much more power-

ful military State than we had supposed, perhaps even than she herself had supposed, and that subject peoples, though regiments composed of them will not be as valuable as German regiments, can yet be relied upon to fight, and, on the whole, to fight well, under German commanders. In this connection it is to be noted that, despite all rumors of friction, the Turks have proved themselves willing, faithful and valuable auxiliaries.

(5) Finally, the fact must be recorded that the faith and the terror inspired by the German name has been enormously enhanced by the war all through Southeastern Europe.

These facts, it will be observed, are in no way dependent on the nature of the terms of any peace that might be negotiated between the Allies and Germany on the basis of the present military position. In any event they will remain true and will govern the European situation so long as the military power of Germany remains unbroken. That is what the Allies mean when they declare that they are fighting not for terms but for victory. For let us see what these facts imply. Let us suppose that Germany were willing at this moment to evacuate France and Belgium, to pay the latter some kind of indemnity, to evacuate Russian Poland and the Baltic provinces, to evacuate Serbia and force Bulgaria to retire from Serbian and Greek Macedonia, and to induce Austria to yield to Italy the Trentino. Suppose even that she were to go still further, and were to offer to divide Alsace-Lorraine with France, to give Italy Trieste, and to forgo the return of some of her colonies. These terms are, of course, far beyond anything that Germany—though she is, no doubt, prepared to be very “generous” in the West—has yet contemplated, but even if we could extract so much as this out of her, in return for the boon she craves of an

immediate peace, she would still beyond all question have won the war. For she would be potentially, if not actually, the mistress of the Continent of Europe, without prospect of ever again having her supremacy challenged.

With the fear of the Russian millions no longer oppressing her, and with her Western frontier fortified by continuous trench systems, her word would be law from the Baltic to the Black Sea. “Mittel Europa” would come into being as surely and almost as easily as did the German Empire after the war of 1870; and nothing could prevent its effective expansion through the Balkans to El Arish and Bagdad, for the little Balkan States have learned well that it does not pay to obstruct the wishes of Berlin, and that for those who do so there is no succor; and as for Turkey, beset by Christian enemies, she has no hope of life except such as Germany may graciously secure to her. It is quite probable that throughout this vast area the Kaiser’s suzerainty would be formally acknowledged; but whether that were so or not his authority would undoubtedly be supreme. With such a strategic position and such resources Germany would be in a position, within even a decade, to dictate, not indeed to the world, but to Europe. Great Britain would remain independent and comparatively secure, for it would not be worth Germany’s while to challenge her upon the sea, and the exposed Egyptian frontier—the only point of direct land contact—might be adequately fortified. But the rest of Europe would be at Germany’s mercy. France, having shown how dangerous a fighter she is, might be ignored. Russia, too, so long as she did not attempt to interfere, might be left alone. But what of the small States? How long would it be before Germany decided to occupy what she regards as her “natural frontiers” and to possess

herself of the mouths of the Rhine? And what treaty would then stop her, what league of nations?

To American ears all this may sound an impossible nightmare. But if so, that is only because Americans are too far away to have learned the plain lessons of this war. The European future is half seen and unreal to them because the European present is only half seen and unreal. Is there not hope, they may ask, in the coming of democracy in Germany? Perhaps there is, but there again the experience of this war is not encouraging. Militarism and democracy are incompatibles, and in the "Mittel Europa" which would come as the result of an inconclusive peace militarism would be more firmly established than ever by the record of its marvellous success and by the manifest need for a military organization proportionate to so vast an expansion. As for the project of the League to Enforce Peace, in a Europe where there was some semblance of a balance of power it might become one of the most beneficent instruments ever devised to promote peace and civilization, but in face of a supreme "Mittel Europa," independent of oversea communications, it would be merely a league *pour rire*. It is thus plain to us who are fighting the Germans that there is only one way in which the liberties of Europe can be preserved and secured, and that is by such a victory as would discredit militarism and reinforce democracy in Germany itself, and at the

The New Statesman.

same time enable the Allies to limit German rule to those territories in which the German language is spoken. There is no desire on the part of the Allies to infringe the integrity of Germany in the least degree or to set limits to the legitimate aspirations of the German people. Our soldiers and sailors are not giving their lives to establish a trade boycott or to hinder German ships from sailing the seas. In so far as any such program has been adumbrated, Americans may rest assured that it has nothing like general support in London or Paris or Petrograd, that such support as it has would not survive an Allied victory, and that in any case it is economically impracticable. What we are unanimously determined upon is to set limits to Germany's illegitimate aspirations, by which we mean her desire to impose her authority and her *kultur* upon other European nations. The foundation of her power to do this is the existence and subservience of the Austrian Empire, in which a minority of Germans and Magyars rule more than fifty millions of people. Accordingly the Allies desire to reconstruct the Austrian Empire on the basis of its component nationalities, and thus to prevent the creation of that still greater Empire which has more and more become for Germany the conscious and accepted object of the war. That is why Germany wants peace, for if she can get it now on any terms her object is achieved. And that is why the Allies will fight on.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

My cabriolet pulled up under the arch of the Gatehouse, my man draw-

ing rein to ask of the porter at which door he should set down, neither he nor his master knowing Lambeth Palace.

I had no idea what the business

might be that called for my presence and had come in response to a courteous note, penned, as I observed, in the Archbishop's own hand.

A gentleman cannot neglect an invitation, however short the notice, which bears the addendum, "*To meet H. R. H. the Prince Regent, at His Royal Highness's express desire.*"

The letter had all the weight of a command; I obeyed—and wondered.

Three or four carriages which had preceded mine were standing within the courtyard: I did not recognize the liveries. Being shown into a small, dark, low-ceiled room and left to my reflections for some minutes, I heard wheels grind the stones outside and voices in the corridor where doors opened and shut and feet pattered on flags.

"Will Colonel Fanshawe be pleased to follow?" asked a servant. I was ushered into a large room, I know not how they call it, nor have ever entered it since. Underfoot stretched an expanse of faded Turkey carpets, drabs and rusty reds patched with discs of green like dandelion roundels upon a lawn after drought. The walls were panelled, and above the panelling hung dark portraits. From one frame a little old fellow in college mortar-board and lawn sleeves seemed watching us with a weary smile. I remember him well.

[*The Vandyke portrait of Archbishop Laud?*—Editor.]

All this and more did I take in as I stood awaiting my turn to pay respect to our host and the Regent. There was over a score of persons before me, and I, in the rear, overlooking the heads of the crowd, made mental notes of my country as a hunting man is used to do.

Other doors gave access to the room beside that by which the servant stood choosing his moment to announce me.

"Ker . . . neil Fan . . . shaw!"

LIVING AGE, VOL. V, NO. 238.

bawled the fellow. I stepped to the front, made my bow, got an urbane word from His Grace the Archbishop, a bow from the Regent (the one person seated), a curt nod and the usual two fingers from the Duke of Wellington, and an expansive smile from the Duke of York.

These were the only persons whose faces were familiar. Others I recognized later.

"Gentlemen, pray be seated," said the Prince, leaning back in his arm-chair. A nut-brown wig came low upon his forehead. I thought his mouth and eye anxious: he glanced impatiently towards a side-door.

It opened: two middle-aged men entered unannounced, they surveyed the assemblage with surprise before bowing to His Grace Manners-Sutton and the Regent. I had seen both before in uniform, and recognized the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the former a sulkily handsome man, with more countenance than any other of the Royal brothers. One could conceive Sussex making a position for himself if he had been born a commoner. His rank smothered him. Some found him dull.

A Berkshire lady, Miss Mitford, whom I met at Wokingham's table, made merry over poor Sussex: "A royal porpoise; never did any man eat, drink and swear so much, or talk such bad English."

Obeying the Royal injunction we found seats, arranging our chairs in a semicircle facing the table at which the Regent presided, flanked by grandes, the Lord Chancellor upon his left balancing the Archbishop on his right.

I could see the faces of the company now, and made out Lords Lansdowne, Liverpool and Manners. In a corner sat Father Smythe, and at his elbow, a purple-faced clergyman whose visage I had seen somewhere years before,

not Canon Mereweather, surely? I could not be sure.

The only lady present, heavily veiled, sat next to the Duke of York. There were several vacant chairs.

Glancing at his watch, the Regent turned to the Archbishop, "My lord, I propose to begin. Knighton, fetch the papers; and . . ." the rest of the command was communicated by eye alone. His Royal Highness's medical attendant and factotum, who had hitherto stood behind his master's chair, slipped from the room.

Silence fell. The Prince absent-mindedly attending to the royal teeth with a jewelled toothpick, glanced from one to another of the company. I thought him nervous, and felt convinced that most of us were ignorant of the reason for our presence.

The doctor reappeared bearing a despatch-box, followed by Wokingham with a second; both were placed before the Lord Chancellor. Bob took a seat behind the front rank at the table. Knighton remained standing.

"Tell 'em about it, Scott," said the Prince shutting up his toothpick. He had not lost color, for that was an impossibility, but his habitual liquorish flush was mottled with purple, while his eyes were the eyes of a man in apprehension of what is in front of him.

"Your Royal Highnesses, My Lord Archbishop, Your Grace, my Lords and Gentlemen," began Eldon rising, and, oppressed by the anxieties of the moment, unconsciously falling into his earlier, forensic manner, "I am instructed by His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, to make you acquainted with matters of the most important, and yet of the most intimate nature, affecting not only the happiness of His Royal Highness, but touching the succession to the Crown of the Three Kingdoms"; he hesitated, arranged some papers, hemmed and resumed, and

I was convinced that this was a genuine and no simulated embarrassment.

"I will venture to entreat the forbearance of the court—I mean, of this company, whilst I undertake what is incomparably the most difficult and invidious service that has ever fallen to my lot. . . ."

"Get on, Jack," said the Prince, *sotto voce*, by way of encouragement. And, moistening his lips, the Lord Chancellor did get on.

"The Prince knows that we are aware of the domestic misfortunes, griefs and hardships which he suffers. He has at last, and advisedly, decided to place before his subjects (but first, before you), certain documents, which, in His Royal Highness's opinion" (the pleader did not say in his own), "afford reasonable and honest means of escape from embarrassments which it can no longer be denied threaten the stability of the Throne and the peace of the Kingdom."

Again he paused, looked around the room, licking his lips, and took the plunge:

"You all know the scope of the Royal Marriage Act, a Bill passed in the early years of the present reign in restraint of lawful matrimony; directed at the princes and princesses of the blood.

"When our fathers passed what I will venture to stigmatize as that iniquitous measure, they may, they must have had some definite and real danger in view. But this danger no longer menaces this kingdom, and it is time, as His Royal Highness believes, and expedient in the interests of the realm which, in the course of nature, he must shortly be called to rule, that this Act should be repealed. And, not only repealed, but annulled retrospectively.

"It must be obvious to us all that the Estates of the Realm are competent to repeal, and to annul, any measure which they have enacted.

The procedure is simple, we have abundant precedents. But this is anticipating. For the present I am concerned to convince your judgments, and to enable me the better to carry you with me, I am directed by the Prince to lay before you certain facts."

Light broke upon me. We were in for it. The northern burr in the man's voice had grown more marked as he proceeded. I was watching his face and hands with the closest attention, and almost alone of the company knew what was coming, and understood the ordeal through which he must be passing, the peril to his high office, and the pressure which his friend and patron the Regent must have exercised to procure his assistance.

The face of Archbishop Manners-Sutton was a medley of conflicting emotions. That of the Duke of Wellington was of carven oak. To this day I am unable to settle with myself whether either had received previous intimation of the scope of the meeting.

The Duke of York, who sat as far away from his great military rival as he could get (for he detested him, and considered that the conduct of the French War had been most injudiciously taken from his own royal hands and confided to those of "the Sepoy General")—York, I say, sat smiling benignly; once I saw him touch the gloved hand of the veiled lady beside him as if in encouragement.

The rest of us listened with both our ears, and some, I perceived, with open mouths. Eldon was on again.

"I am about to make you acquainted with a circumstance, suspected by, if not known to you all: namely, that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is married to Mrs. Fitzherbert. The ceremony was solemnized at the lady's own house in Park Street, Park Lane, on the 15th of December in the year 1785—yes, near four and thirty years ago! It was performed by a

clerk in holy orders, a clergyman of the Church of England by law established, Mr. Robert Burt, by name.

"The proof of this ceremony lies under my hand," he tapped the lid of the smaller despatch-box. "Those of you who wish to be satisfied by the evidence of your senses of the existence of a legally attested and witnessed marriage certificate, will be permitted to examine the document before leaving this room, for the moment I ask you to accept my word for it."

He paused, allowing the quick, hushed whisper of excitement to die. None knew better than he that this marriage had been repudiated by Mr. Pitt in the House, and again, and more vehemently, by Mr. Fox also, in the Commons. Nervously clearing a husky throat, he resumed,

"His Royal Highness has from that day to this never faltered in his belief that the gracious lady to whom he was then united, was, as she is at this hour, his only and lawfully wedded wife.

"That he subsequently with extreme reluctance, and to his bitter and enduring remorse, went through the form of marriage with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, is true. He admits it, he deplores it, pleading in his excuse that what he did was done under extreme and utmost pressure from his royal father, whose deplorable malady, latent at that time, has since become patent, and may be pleaded (I say it with infinite deference) as explanation for this pressure, and possibly other unhappy measures. Suffice it that the Prince sorrowfully, but dutifully, obeyed his sovereign under the positive assurance that his union with Mrs. Fitzherbert could not, and would never be regularized in law, and as a personal sacrifice to the exigencies of the succession.

"But, gentlemen . . ." the Lord Chancellor stopped impatiently, for at this moment there was a small stir

at one of the doors. Knighton tiptoed in and out with an air of immense importance, expostulating in low tones with someone behind the *portière*, returning to whisper in the royal ear, while Eldon suspended his statement, awaiting our undivided attentions.

"She won't come without him, sir," whispered the doctor.

"Damme, then, let her come with him!" replied the Regent testily in audible undertones.

The doctor tripped out again, the door swung wide, and the announcement "Her Highness Georgiana of Wales!" brought the room to its feet expectant, and, behold, my girl entered upon the arm of Abel Ellwood!

I was as little prepared for this stroke as any man there. 'Twas a facer, a right-hander between the eyes, for my friends had not seen me since my return from the continent, and supposing me still absent, had been unable to advise with me. I blamed my remissness.

How looked she? You ask. Never better; never so well. Magnificently simple in the beautiful and becoming garb of a young woman Friend, the subdued tints of her poplins stood out against the dusky oak of the panelling; the serious self-possession of her noble countenance, the unstudied grace of her movement, took every eye. Nor did the features and figure of her companion detract from the effect of the picture. I can shut my eyes and see Abel as he came forward, alert, grave, composed, sure of himself as ever, a gentleman in drab.

At the sound of her name thus disguised the girl lifted her chin, turning to Ellwood for explanation, but, finding him speechless, and as surprised as herself, rallied her forces, and flung around her a courageous, almost a defiant look.

Meeting my eye she composed herself, but, though she still kept her

hand within Abel's arm, methought she wanted me; so arising, I crossed the room and took post behind but near to her. Not beside; that place was my friend's, and well he filled it.

For a few moments the two stood thus facing the table like prisoners brought for trial, while the Lord Chancellor exchanged angry whispers with the maladroit Knighton, who had spoiled his Lordship's opening by this premature introduction of his finest piece of evidence. Hence the presentation was ungraced and irregular. By the time Eldon had bowed deferentially to the lady, and had turned to his master for guidance, the Regent was upon his feet bowing and receiving the bows of the new arrivals. Abel, I should say, was bareheaded, an attendant in the anteroom had relieved him of his beaver, forestalling ancillary complications. 'Twas the presence of the Quaker that cooled Georgy's reception.

Of my own motion I set them chairs. They were bidden to sit.

"Your Highness is in the presence of the Regent, your Royal father," said Eldon, addressing my Georgy with a second and still more deferential inclination, for he, and we all, could see that the two were unprepared for this scene.

Abel turned to her a white, intense face; the hour that he had dreaded had come and had come as such hours come to us all like a thief in the night. He rose, she rose, regarding the strange, mottle-faced figure at the table, they inclined gravely, and reseated themselves. Whether etiquette was preserved I know not, but to my mind, and the minds of the company, the simple gravity of the gesture was in keeping. Business might proceed.

"Go on, Jack," said the Regent, regarding Georgy with keen scrutiny. Half arising, and again reseating himself, he rested the royal elbows upon

the cloth before him, leaning forward the better to take seizin with his eyes of his long-neglected child.

"*God . . . she's Maria to a hair.*" said he under his breath, and the whole room heard the words, and again he rapped, "Get on, Jack!"

"I was about to have said," resumed the Lord Chancellor, "that the Prince Regent assures me, upon his sacred word of honor, that the so-called marriage with the so-called Princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, was never consummated. Hence, it follows that the child, the lady who passed as the Princess Charlotte, was no offspring of his."

[*The marriage between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Caroline of Brunswick took place on April 8, 1795, immediately after the lady reached London from the continent. Her daughter, and only child, the Princess Charlotte, was born on January 7, 1796. The intelligent reader must draw his own conclusion from the dates.—Editor.]*

As these denials and repudiations had been commonplaces of His Royal Highness's conversation, drunk and sober, for the past three-and-twenty years, the audience was not particularly surprised.

This preliminary clearing of the ground should have been got over before my girl had been brought in, and I inwardly resented that sweet-thoughted, pure-minded creature being forced to listen to unsavory court gossip of the sort.

I saw her eyes widen, her lip harden, her color rise; I pitied her. Eldon was forward again:

"The lamented demise of the unfortunate lady to whom I have been compelled to refer, leaves the Regent, so far as you, my lords and gentlemen are aware, and so far as his future subjects are aware, without lawful issue.

"It is to disclose to you the truth in this matter, and to present to you His Royal Highnesses' actual daughter, born in wedlock, as I unhesitatingly assert, and am in a posture to prove,—legal, I repeat, but, until the repeal of the Royal Marriage Act, not, strictly speaking, royal—that I stand before you today."

At this moment my girl did a natural and characteristic but most striking thing. Her cheeks were glowing, the day was warm, 'twas three of the afternoon, and that great apartment something stuffy. Removing her gloves, she drew the bow of her bonnet-strings, and with a leisurely, easy raising of her magnificent arms, lifted the gray poke and laid it upon her lap. Anything more unconsciously dramatic was never seen. The simplicity, the grace of it! Her beautiful head, beautifully poised, crowned with heavy plaits of red-gold hair, rose above a full, womanly bust. The features were so perfectly modeled, so exquisitely colored, the sculpturing of ear and nostril, the grain of cheek, the *allure* of lip and chin, were such as caught the very breaths of everyone present.

When Almighty God goes out of His way to fashion a queen what shall mere men say?

I caught the thin, quick twitter of under-breath exclamations. Even my Lord Eldon gazed his fill before proceeding; and well he might pause, for his most effective point had been made for him; as a wise pleader he gave it time to take effect.

"My lords and gentlemen, the young lady, Her Highness, who sits among us, is unknown to herself, and to her mother,"—(the veiled female figure seated half behind York stirred slightly and a muffled sob pulsed across the room)—"the offspring of His Royal Highness's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert."

And passing rapidly from point to

point, he gave his breathlessly attentive audience the facts already recited in this memoir.

"This, that I hold in my hand," said he, "is the marriage certificate already referred to. It is marked with the first numeral; a duplicate marked Number 2 has reposed in the vaults of Messieurs Coutts's bank in The Strand, for many years. I have seen and handled it. The actual certificate of birth, signed by the mid wife, doctor and three female servants, lay with it. It, and other documents to which I shall direct your attention, have only recently come to the hands of the Regent, having been found stitched between the inner and outer leathers of a valise.

"This—" he exhibited a third paper, "is the *testamur* of the child's baptism, signed by the Rev. C. Mereweather, now Canon of Chester, and present in this room. All was done orderly.

"The two latter papers to which I have referred are dated October 2, 1793, and are stated to have been drawn at The Grange, at Aiton in the County of Hampshire. This is the receptacle in which they were concealed."

Opening the larger of the despatch-boxes he exhibited the dilapidated remains of Georgy's old portmanteau. She started, touched Abel's hand, and turned to me a wondering face. I repaid her with a smile. Lord Eldon saw and pounced:

"Colonel Fanshawe, may I ask you to tell this company what you know of this lady, and of this valise?"

I told them in brief. The room listened, all eyes.

"Ye found Her Highness, then a child of thirteen, as she said, and as ye supposed from her appearance, beside a road in Germany. You saw her female attendant struck down by a shot. You brought her to your

Winteringham estate in Cheshire, and have bred and fed her there for fourteen years?"

"No, my lord, her feeding and breeding she owes to the Ellwood family whilst I was on service in Germany and Spain. She has nothing to thank me for."

"But, this is the child, the young lady in question?"

"Certainly, certainly! There is only one Georgy!" said I, and pressed her left hand. She smiled upon me. "As for the little mail, she had it with her when I found her. We brought it with us to Winteringham, it has lain in some attic until the other day, when we carelessly gave it to a stranger woman."

"Precisely. Ye saw it last in the hands of the Countess Ompteda?"—I assented,—"whom ye believe to be the same woman whom ye left for dead beside the road in Germany?"

I bowed again. He addressed himself to Georgy with the utmost deference.

"Does Your Highness identify the valise?" she bowed. "And this person is . . . who?"

The Gräfinn had entered, conducted by Knighton. She made her courtesy in the manner usual at court, and was shown to a seat. I observed that she was richly dressed and in better liking than when she left my house. The world was going well with the adventuress. Georgy scanned her coldly.

"Yes. This is the Gräfinn Tedder, as I used to call her. She was my *gouvernante* from my first recollection. I lived with her in different places in Germany until the war came. We tried to get to the coast, but were overtaken. We ran. There was shooting, and I saw her fall, dead, as I thought; and Colonel Fanshaw put me upon his horse and saved me from the French."

Her full, rich, quiet contralto filled

the room. She showed no embarrassment, her pose and address were admirable. The Regent caught every syllable, his bewigged head moved judicially, nodding approval.

Turning to the Gräfinn the Lord Chancellor drew from her the time, place and circumstances under which she took over the child in Hampshire.

"And these three documents, will you be pleased to tell us how they came to be in the lining of this valise?"

"My lord, their value was especially impressed upon me by those from whose hands I received the infant. At the first opportunity I unpicked the stitches of the lining, slipped them within and made all good.

"That I was unable to produce them until a month ago is easily explained. When wounded I lost both the child, Her Highness, I mean, and her valise, and both, as I thought, finally. Only early in February last did I discover both her and the papers."

The woman spoke clearly. She had replied without hesitation, or undue redundancies. Her story hung together, and, where capable of being corroborated, was in consonance with facts known to others.

What form the appeal to the company would have taken I do not know. There could be little doubt that the documents and witnesses, combined with Georgy's fine behavior, repose of manner and extraordinary beauty, had made an impression, but, more than this would be needed before a popular movement could be started, and a political party organized to endorse her claims to the succession.

(*Her claims!*—My God! I seemed stifling, enmeshed and drawn slowly under in a net of wretched circumstance. Would my girl, or Abel, or I, ever see another happy day?)

I am no politician, nor ever was, but to a plain honest Englishman this proposal of theirs seemed an intricate

piece of country to ride. To carry the repeal of the Royal Marriage Act would prove a task beset with difficulties, some of which touched the traditional faith of the nation.

What was my Lord Eldon thinking about?

From an occasional hesitancy in his manner, a certain dryness of lip, huskiness of utterance and careful phrasing, I guessed that he had been forced upon action which he disapproved, and was better informed than his royal patron of the depth of the popular dislike with which the latter was regarded, and of the volume of the nation's sympathy with the neglected and discarded wife, the ill-used Princess of Wales.

The Regent's enterprise had gone well that afternoon, but had gone but a little way. Outside Lambeth Palace lay vast constituencies still unconsulted, forces which would have to be taken into consideration, England herself for one; the Established Church for another.

Doubtless my lord Eldon had proposed a scheme for his introductory remarks, but this had suffered dislocation from the Regent's inopportune introduction of Georgy, whose personal acquaintance he was impatient to be making. I have been told that H. R. H. the Regent, when incognito, had twice seen her walking, though unknown to her and to us. The silence of attention, once broken, was difficult to restore; a dozen whispered conversations were in progress. Men were craning to see the new claimant to the throne, others to get sight of the documents. The Duke of Sussex had left his seat to pore upon the birth-note. Cambridge was probing the ragged lining of the valise. His Grace the Archbishop was handling the marriage certificate as gingerly as if 'twere live shell, as Wokingham said later.

The throng was two deep around the despatch-boxes, and the Lord Chancellor's remarks resolved into explanations and replies, half-drowned in the general buzz.

Lord Lansdowne had engaged the Gräfinn in conversation, and was finding her not uncommunicative. I observed a new assurance in her bearing, and opined from her costume that she had touched the Cumberland guineas.

Without question she was under the protection of Carlton House: no weaker influence would have availed her against the practice of her enemy. What would that enemy make of this afternoons' work?

A little circle formed about Georgy, its members deferentially observant, awaiting the cue from the Regent, who was still seated, nor had spoken. These, who might presently develop into our young Princess's first court, were constrained by the presence and silent composure of Quaker Abel, by whose side the *débutante* chose to stand so closely.

Through the press came the veiled lady, and detaching herself from the arm of Father Smythe, uncovered the features of Mrs. Fitzherbert. In a moment she and her daughter had one another by the hands. I expected embraces, but those were deferred. Earnestly they gazed in one another's countenances, tears were in the eyes of both.

"They should have prepared me for this," said the elder woman tremulously, "I was brought here without warning. . . . O, my dear! my dear! Can it be true? But, why do I ask you? You cannot know! They always said my baby was born dead. . . . To have defrauded me of five-and-twenty years of *this!* . . . O, cruel!" Her hands gripped her child's until their many rings dented the firm white flesh. Another long, hungry regard; the tension grew to the point of pain.

And while mother and child stood there mutually absorbed to the exclusion of older friends ("older," that this should have been so!) and my heart was broke for Abel, so near, and so far, and like to be farther yet, a sinister little figure threaded the throng and Dr. Knighton was bending before Georgy with some murmured request.

It seemed for her ear alone, so much was afoot in the room, and so muted were his accents, and exclusive the fellow's eye, that one caught nothing of his purport.

She appealed to her mother, "Must I?"

"I . . . think so, my dear. 'Tis a command."

"Then give me thine arm, Abel," said my girl with a true instinct, but Knighton's eyes protested, the gentleman had not the *entrée*, his master had most unfortunately omitted to include. . . .

There could be no farther asking of advice. Instant resolve was forced upon her. Thank God, her breeding at Winteringham had trained powers of prompt decision.

"His Royal Highness does me too much honor, sir. Will you make my dutiful excuses to him for me? I will await the Regent here—with my friend." She bent her head in grave dismissal, and withdrew herself a small half pace, as if from contact with the messenger, slipping her hand inside Abel's arm while a wave of color rose in her face. Knighton bowed low and went.

"O, did I do right?—Do tell me, please!"

But Mrs. Fitzherbert made no sign. I hung in the wind. It was Abel's "Quite right!" which gave reassurance.

And then I was aware that the crowd about the table had turned and was facing us, that the room was reforming with ourselves as its center, and

through a lane in the enclosing throng the Prince Regent was approaching leaning upon the arm of Lord Eldon.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, the last of us to recognize what was impending, turned, dropped her veil, and took place beside her daughter's left hand. Abel stood his ground, and from my post behind him I saw his arm close tightly upon the small white fingers within it.

For a moment the situation endured, no more, the Regent hobbled slowly forward with a strange sort of crippled dignity, but, before he had opened his lips, the main door of the apartment swung to the wall, the *portière* billowed, a burst of loud talking in the corridor ceased, and into the midst flung His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

The undisclosed, tacitly admitted reason for the proposed change in the succession stood before us in person.

"Haw!—Thought so!—Run into ye at last, Wales! Ye will excuse me being a little late. I drew Carlton House for ye, and Apsley House; yes, and yours, Scott; and one or two more likely coverts, but, all blank!

"I have to thank ye, Manners-Sutton, for keeping a fox for me!—Yes, a fox, by God!"

The man filled the great room like a tempest. His *aplomb*, vivid anger and contempt for his company amazed me. When he swung upon his heel giving brutal scrutiny to each man in turn, I could feel in my bones the mixture of loathing and fear with which Englishmen regarded this personage, and the apprehension with which even a remote possibility of his ascending the throne filled them.

He had not come alone: the Duke of Clarence, commonly known as Prince William Henry, or by half endearing but derogatory nicknames, simpered pinkly in the background.

"This is a private gathering, Cum-

berland, and in a private residence, let me remind ye," said the Regent with dignity.

"Let your host speak for himself. My Lord Archbishop, am I welcome, or no?"

"Your Royal Highness is always welcome to my house, but——"

"That is enough. If I'm always welcome I'm welcome now. What are ye about? But, I need not ask. *I know*. You are intriguing to exclude me from the throne. My father is dyin'. They tell me he won't last the week. This is your game, Wales. Haw, I'll tell ye mine."

Taking the middle of the floor, he drew from his pocket a sheet of paper, and proceeded to unfold it.

In response to a look from his master, Knighton slipped through a side-door.

"Listen, all of you. Or, rather, look here!" cried Duke Ernest, holding the paper at arm's length and stalking around the circle. Halting before the Lord Chancellor, he kept it extended for some seconds, perhaps the better to enjoy Eldon's expected chagrin. He even held it close to his Lordship's nose, blocking the light from the window opposite.

Ignoring the insult, the Lord Chancellor bent an intent gaze upon the document, and then, as if more than satisfied, sat back smiling enigmatically. Cumberland passed on.

"Read for yourselves! This is the marriage certificate of my brother Wales with Madam Fitzherbert, signed, sealed, witnessed, and all the rest of it! Now, sir!" he wheeled suddenly upon the Regent, "I declare ye legally married to a Papist, and under the Royal Marriage Act, incapable of succeeding. There's mate for ye!" he shook the paper at the heir to the Crown like a whip, crying "Haw!"

The Regent may not have been all that he should have been, but, when

sober, was no fool, and upon public occasions seldom failed in dignity.

Thus outrageously attacked, he bore himself with a gallant composure with which I had not credited him. Of course he believed that he had the game in his hands, which is a mighty support to a player.

"Had ye come a little earlier, Ernest, ye would have saved this company from witnessing an indecent explosion of bad manners, and yourself some disappointment. I refer ye to Scott."

"His Royal Highness the Duke," said Eldon, "would no doubt prefer to retain the document he has exhibited in his own hands?—Naturally! Then, may I humbly suggest that he examines the watermark in the paper against a strong light?"

"Haw!—what d'ye say?" cried Cumberland, but strode to a window, laid the certificate against the pane, and read, as did we all, the numerals 1817 impressed whitely in the substance of the paper itself.

In the silence which followed this remarkable discovery we heard the grave, restrained accents of the Lord Chancellor,

"Paper, my lord Duke, which has been manufactured within the last two years, cannot by any possibility have been used at a ceremony which purports to have taken place in 1785."

"I should recommend my brother Ernest to put the thing in the fire and say no more about it," mocked the Regent from his chair, taking snuff.

"'Tis a true copy," blurted Cumberland, glaring around the room and finding and fixing the Gräf Finn with a malign scowl. The man had flushed darkly and looked dangerous.

"Some knave has bamboozled ye, Ernest, you have been most notoriously choused. A copy?—Shall we show him the original, Jack?—No?—Then I'll take him on," and with a sudden change of tone the Regent dropped

the accent of banter and spoke like a king, "Listen, sir. There stands my daughter Georgiana, issue of my lawful marriage. Stop! I am coming to the Act, but, as I have heard your story, will you be pleased to hear mine?

"If ye had done Manners-Sutton the honor to break into his house an hour earlier ye could have taken the testimonies which have been laid before this company: evidence of my marriage—not a forgery, nor a copy; certificates of the birth and baptism of my daughter, and a continuous history of her movements up to the present hour. . . . York, Sussex, Cambridge, did it convince you?"

"What!—you are content to stand aside for a morganatic child?" roared Cumberland.

"I am for Mrs. Fitzherbert, and against you, Ernest. I waive my right," said the Duke of York.

"I am out of the running: born too late," said Sussex nonchalantly.

"Same with myself and my child," said Cambridge. "Little George* may do as he likes later. Too many lives between us and the crown to justify makin' a quarrel over it, in my judgment."

"But not in mine!" began Cumberland, but was caught up by the Regent, who was warming to his work, "No! For you have made a quarrel about it already, and worse. You claimed this lady as your natural daughter five years ago. Am I right, Wokingham?"

"The claim was made in my presence, sir," said Bob, bowing.

[*My Great Uncle was "forever grateful," as he expressed it, to Lord Wokingham "for keeping him out of the row" which followed.—EDITOR.*]

"You followed up your claim by two attempts upon her life."

"A lie!" bawled Cumberland,

*Then an infant of two months: lived to be Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge.—Editor

fiercely, bounding to his feet from the chair in which he had seated himself unbidden.

"One at Watford, the second in Derbyshire, both within a week, my lords and gentlemen," said the Regent. "I'll give ye the dates, and the names of the persons ye employed, if ye ask for them, Ernest," added the Regent, with a touch of passion in his tone. "These outrages, my lords, were inflicted upon the Lady Georgiana before I was aware of her existence, or rather, when I had long thought her dead. Tell 'em the story in brief, Wokingham."

"Six bullets through the panels of Colonel Fanshawe's coach, sir: two of them found in the cushion upon which the lady was supposed to have been sitting. I picked 'em. . . ."

"*'Supposed?* what d'ye mean by '*supposed*'? And what had my Lord Wokingham to do with this—this alleged shooting?" asked Cumberland with savage bitterness.

"I was in that coach, sir, dressed in Fanshawe's clothes. Your men took on the right conveyance; but the wrong insides. We laid out four of Your Highnesses' servants. . . ."

"Infernal falsehoods!—*My* servants? Highwaymen, ye mean, I suppose."

"Sir, two of the four were Major Semmes and Count Omptèda, ye will hardly disavow them," riposted Bob, bowing with exaggerated urbanity. A man of the Household does not take the lie from Royal Blood unmoved. This was Wokingham's first step toward resenting the insult. "Yes, my lord Duke, I said Semmes and Omptèda; one is dead. The other a cripple at Broadstairs. Omptèda, when at the point of death, deposed to both being in Your Highness's pay, and acting upon your orders. We have the sworn affidavit here, and . . . er . . . corroborative testimony of one who was present." And Bob, bowing

a second time, left his seat behind the Regent's chair and, moving gently and by stages, reached the *portière*. where he took post.

The sensation which this disclosure produced was immense. The room was as breathless as a court of justice whilst the last, and most closely incriminating, piece of testimony is being tendered upon a capital charge.

"You must understand, Ernest, that we are not asking your concurrence in the course we are proposing to take. We can dispense with it. Should you oppose us we are in a posture to charge you with attempted murder. We are not entirely dependent upon affidavits. The Countess Omptèda, whom ye have kept in a private madhouse for four years, is in this room. She has been certified sane. She is prepared to give evidence of her husband's connection with yourself, his movements, and last confession. Are you satisfied?—Sponge up?"

"No!" snarled the man at the window.

"Jack!" said the Regent, and nodded darkly.

"My lord Duke," said Eldon, speaking without any sign of emotion, and with the utmost deliberation, "you compel His Royal Highness to revive the Sellis affair. Your confidential body-servant's throat was cut in the next room to your own, almost in your presence, certainly in your hearing. Fresh evidence is in our hands, the witnesses who were not forthcoming at the second inquest upon your miserable valet,—victim, I might say, for I have taken the evidence,—are now available, and will swear that it was by your subornation that they left the country. For the sake of the monarchy, sir, I deprecate reviving, and proving this case."

"Sir, I will venture to plead with you, who might, I think dictate,—once more, will your Royal Highness

pause, consider, and reply to us,—Do you fully and finally withdraw your opposition, public and private, to the repeal of the Act retrospectively, 'to His Royal Highness's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert being regularized and acknowledged, and to its issue being brought into the line of succession with precedence over yourself and your heirs? In a word, sir, do you admit, now and here in this presence, that Her Highness, Georgiana of Wales, is Her Royal Highness, and heir presumptive to the Throne of these kingdoms?"

There was a silence which endured for some seconds, and which felt like as many minutes. The man in the window, still standing, turned a lowering face upon Georgy, who scanned him coolly, judicially, as I have seen her scan an incurably vicious horse, without fear, without passion, with simple disapproval, when, after trial, she had no further use for the beast.

On his part he tried to brazen it out, but could not meet her eye, and saw that we all saw it. Fury had gone out of him whilst baited thus, and courage had followed. With no fight left in him, with chin upon breast, he turned to seek the door.

But Wokingham's broad shoulders had been against it for the past ten minutes: escape was barred.

There was a final sputter of rage, which I spare you, as I have already spared you much that he said; his answer was awaited, must be given. It came.

"Do I?—Well, I suppose so. . . . Damme, *yes!* . . . There seems no help for it. Get your Bill repealed, I'll not oppose. . . . Yes, *yes!* I acknowledge the woman. Out of my way, Wokingham! Don't block that damned door, curse you!"

Chased by sixty unpitying eyes, the baffled ruffian made for the door with his head lowered, as if to butt a passage

from the room. But across the *portière* stood my lord Wokingham, mute, immovable, six-feet-three of flesh, a massive left hand upon the handle, an empty sleeve pinned across his breast where hung the Waterloo medal. The men's eyes met. The Duke gave way a step, cursing incoherently. "Haw! yes, I withdraw 'falsehood,' if that is what sticks in your gizzard. Blast your impertinence!"

The *portière* swung and settled. He was gone. The room breathed more freely as if to clear lungs from tainted air. We smiled upon one another. We had forgot Clarence.

"That's all very well, but how about me?" asked the fat, pink-faced man, so simple, so un-royal, so inconsiderable.

"You?—Who will trouble himself about you, Bill?" asked the Duke of York, offhandedly, for Clarence was a person who all his life was doomed by his own defects of character and personal dignity to be treated as a nobody. Then, seeing that his foolish brother's resistance must be crushed once and for all, the Commander-in-Chief broke upon him:

"D'ye think, William Henry, that any party in the state, save the drabs of Wapping, and the Jacks of Portsmouth, will lift a shout for *you*?

"Who has kept you this ten years? Mrs. Jordan! A poor, good creature, fifty times too good for ye, that has worked, slaved, half-killed herself for you, yes, *you*, who have drunk and guzzled her earnings,—the guineas of an actress! Don't sputter, sir, ye know ye have, and the Town knows it too. Look in the next glass ye pass and ask yourself if a man with that face . . ."

"O Crikey!" gobbled the Royal Duke thus publicly browbeaten, and fled the room purpling, upon the edge of an apoplexy. God chooses His own instruments: thirteen years later,

moved by what inward impulse, or external constraint, who shall say?—this Personage, then King William IV, gave his royal consent to the Reform Bill!

"And now," began the Regent, bidding us be seated and settling his chin into his stock with regained dignity of mien, "having to some extent cleared the ground of opposition, it remains to take measures for making public the existence and claims of the Princess."

"We have yet to make the personal acquaintance of our child," bowing to Georgy with exquisite urbanity and grace.

"Suitable arrangements must be made. The honest people among whom her young life has been passed must be amply recompensed. It shall be our duty, our privilege. . . . But, naturally, a proper establishment is essential. . . . Her blood demands . . . Her rank precludes . . ."

His allocution tailed off inconsequentially. He glanced at Abel, then at the Lord Chancellor. My ears burned, my tongue grew dry. There was an expectant hush.

Then the room was filled with the deep, vibrant contralto of our Georgy, tones reserved for her rare moments of anger, when something having gone extremely wrong, the woman let herself go, though, since childhood, usually with due restraint.

"Sir! Your Royal Highness!—You have forgot me! ME! I may be your daughter; I do not know; I cannot say. There is so much that I fail to understand. Why was my birth concealed? My mother deceived? Why was my childhood neglected and made miserable? I have just learned that my life has been attempted. Why?—Is that awful person my uncle?

"I may be your daughter. I cannot help that; but your heir, your successor, I will never be. For twelve

years I have lived among good people, among the Friends, and have never before seen such behavior, or listened to such language as here, today.

"It is horrifying! I will not endure it! If this is to be a queen, then no queen will I be.

"You have spoken of . . . of recompensing my benefactors," her voice shook with passion, "and of forming an establishment for me, a 'suitable one.' Sir, I thank you, but must decline," she swept a bow to the Regent that was all nature. "I will form one for myself. I will do it now and here. This gentleman, Mr. Abel Ellwood, is the man whom I will marry, him and no other. His is the only establishment that I shall need. This is the only recompense he seeks!"

She stooped, and with a grace that was more than regal, because wholly womanly, lifted Abel's hand to her lips and kissed it. One bright tear fell upon his sleeve.

The impulse, the momentum, the wrath of her words took the room by storm.

In vain the Archbishop raised protesting hands; in vain the Lord Chancellor sought to interpose; Georgy was in the saddle, rode her own line, had her own way and spoke her mind like the queen that she was.

But, this done, the way of women overcame her: suddenly conscious of herself, and of the eyes and open mouths of the company, she faltered, hid her lovely face upon Abel's shoulder, and wept silently.

Still mute, still hard-faced, and death-pale, Abel slid an arm about her, and stood there, regarding the rest of the room tight-lipped, and with a mind made up.

"*At last!*" I heard him whisper. "*'Whom God hath joined.'*"

Will you believe it? My own eyes dimmed with happy tears. I was possessed with the insane desire to

put my fist in someone's face. But, I am a poor creature, God knows.

How the Regent would have taken this outburst I cannot conceive. He glanced to left and to right at his supports, but got help from none. Lord Chancellor, and Archbishop, Field Marshal, and Commander-in-Chief were staring eyes-front, no counsel in them at all. He laid his hands upon the arms of his chair, and was getting to his feet, to do, to say—what?—'Twill never be known.

For at this moment Knighton entered from behind his chair with a note. The Regent glanced at the cover, "Kent!" said he, broke seal, read, changed countenance. His mouth slowly opened, aghast. The silent, expectant room was aware that the man had taken a blow,—bad news! He turned to Eldon, speaking vehemently, but low, all could hear him.

"But, 'tis impossible!—At Kensington Palace? How got she there? . . . How came they from Germany? They couldn't. Twas out of the question! —Who the devil is in this? It knocks the very bottom out of everything; eh, Jack? . . . Edward won't stand aside. Trust him! Stiff, O, stiff, and infernally selfish!

"Tell 'em?—O, yes; better tell 'em. But . . ." he thrust his chair back, and sat looking down into his empty hands, the picture of a ruined gamester.

"Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen," said the Lord Chancellor, "by command of the Regent I have to inform you that at Kensington Palace this day a child, a princess, was born to Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent."

Before he had done speaking the Regent's seat was empty. He had left the room. I never saw him again; nor did Georgy.

To set off against this deprivation,

during the next ten minutes my child was presented to three Royal Dukes and almost every personage in the room.

Every tongue seemed simultaneously loosened. 'Twas babel. Mrs. Fitzherbert came in for abundant and sympathetic congratulation. "Regularized and acknowledged at last, Maria," crowed York, before bending to kiss her hand. The Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor, and other Great Names and High Offices, overwhelmed that Gracious Lady with long deferred and belated compliments.

Nor was Georgy allowed to escape unpraised. Some spoke to her face, more within her hearing. I caught the Duke of Wellington's "Stood up to him like a man. . . . A d——d fine woman and well out of it!"

The general view was expressed by Lord Liverpool. "Absurd! most ill-advised thing in the world! What was Eldon about to permit it?—or Manners-Sutton?"

"The country would never have stood it," said Lansdowne.

"Nor the City," said Mr. Canning. Lord Londonderry nodded.

"O, my dear, what an escape!" murmured Mrs. Fitzherbert, "I shall see more of ye now, my love, than if . . ."

Her brother's face I could not read it was not his wish that I should.

If the schemes of long years had been shattered in a moment, 'twas by the Hand of God. The man bent his brave old head and bore the blow with a smile.

For George Fanshawe all that remains to be said is that thirty-three years have gone over him since that day, and still (how strangely!) that promised call to service delays.

"Thou shalt be used," she said, and still in hale old age he stands ready for the summons so long postponed.

THE END.

THE WAR AND WEALTH.

There are two ways in which we can regard the accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom; we can regard it either as a sum-total of things possessed, or as a sum-total of their values. We can, that is, make either an inventory or a valuation. It is important to notice that these are not the same thing, and do not give the same results in the same problem. Not only may the former remain unchanged while the latter, through price fluctuations, is subject to variation; but also the latter may remain stable while the former vitally changes its character. To take a vivid example, suppose a man to have £1,000 which he wants to invest. He may buy either War Loan, or—surreptitiously—South American Railway Stock. Either way, his scrip is to be reckoned in the sum-total of our accumulated wealth. But after the War, in the latter case the national inventory will include his joint-ownership of certain rails and rolling-stock across the Atlantic; while in the former, some part of his scrip cannot be materially represented, for it can only be expressed in terms of glory, victory, vindication, and the like. The scrip remains as capital-wealth, and the interest remains as income (though its source may change) whatever the man does with his savings, whether there be wood and steel or duties and satisfactions impalpable as air behind them. How important is this difference may further be seen if we remember that the shipping-element in our accumulated wealth has from the one standpoint considerably decreased, while from the other it has very materially increased. Hence a possible result of the valuation standpoint might prove us capitally wealthier than we were in 1914, though we have

fewer material goods to show on the inventory.

From the inventory standpoint, the accumulated wealth of our economically advanced island-country, protected by an efficient navy, cannot suffer much. For the greater part of it is situated within our own territories and *ex hypothesi* escapes the destruction visited upon Belgium, for it consists in land, houses, railways, canals, buildings, plant, amenities, and so forth. Apart from the loss of shipping, and occasional damage brought about by naval or aerial raids, it remains what it was. What is lost chiefly is part of the normal annual addition to that inventory; it is lost through a slackening or cessation in the renewal of production-goods and in the increase of production-goods, whether situated at home or abroad. Some part, that is, of the funds which patriotic goodwill, or tax-produced poverty, or legislative restrictions withheld from uses unconnected with the War, is permanently lost—not the whole of that part, for much of it is merely redistributed in the shape, for instance, of war-profits and war-bonuses. One interesting element in the loss, from this standpoint, appears in the exchange of scrip for things. When the citizen sells to the Government scrip for resale in America, our inventory reads differently, though the valuation is unchanged: our realizable assets are exactly what they were—say a capitalized 6 per cent, but there is less behind them. In this connection, the only way in which a real loss could be both sustained and represented may be illustrated by the confiscation of all property in land, such land being sold “in desirable lots” to Americans who prefer the aristocratic flavor of rent to the commercial flavor

of profit. In this case the "goods" are gone, and there is no scrip to add to our accumulated wealth.

The facts and conceptions involved in a comparison of the cost of the War with our accumulated wealth make it an unsatisfactory, if not an impossible, comparison, though it has been both suggested and used. Clearly the inventory-basis affords no guidance, even if we could disentangle the indescribable complications of such an inventory. On the other hand, the market valuation of the goods may be anything between £8,000,000,000 and £24,000,000,000, according to recent estimates*; and even were it fixed at a point, instead of between such wide limits, it is only a valid valuation on the assumption that the goods are not sold! Further, far the gravest losses of war consist in lives and capacities spent, and *pace* Sir Robert Giffen these are inestimable things (they are not included in any estimate of our accumulated wealth known to the writer). Again, that accumulated wealth is so widely heterogeneous that no comparison could ever satisfy the requirements of sanity, even if it were mentally capable of realization. We may in fact state bluntly that such a comparison would make even this war appear an expense insignificant—a millionaire's donation to a home for imbeciles.

It is not by viewing the costs of war as the destruction of a Broadwood in a rich man's palace, or of a typewriter in his office, that we can see its economic significance. While its economic importance is, we venture to say, the least of its importances, it is necessary that we *should* realize it, and such realization is better achieved in terms of income. There are very considerable difficulties even in taking income as a

standard of comparison, if only because innumerable goods and services are not represented in it. But at least it is a more workable criterion. What is our national income? None can say. Immediately before the War it could reasonably be put somewhat above £2,000,000,000 per annum. During the War the rise in prices has increased it far more than the additions, if any, to the flow of goods and services which it represents.* At the moment it may be in the neighborhood of £2,800,000,000. Price fluctuations make it very difficult to determine its annual rate of increase,† but with that very useful conception we may dispense. To realize the cost of the War by a comparison we must either express that cost in terms of the prices of 1914, if we use the pre-war income as a basis of comparison, or risk the estimate of its present figure, about which there is room for more doubt. The War began at a cost of a little over one million pounds per day; it has nearly reached six millions; for a long period it stood in the neighborhood of five. Deducting loans presumably recoverable, we may reasonably take its standing cost at five millions per day, or about £1,800,000 per annum, which, whatever may be our present income *exactly*, is at any rate some two-thirds thereof, and is more likely to increase than to decrease for as long as the War lasts. Put in that way, we can more easily see what the War means of mere monetary expense. Were it all to be met by strictly proportional taxation, the recipients of the biggest incomes would certainly be reduced more nearly to what their capacity "earns," the £300 secretary would be living on less than £2 per week, and the munition worker receiving the remuneration of a dust-

*In "British Incomes and Property" Dr. Stamp estimates our national wealth at a little over £14,000,000,000, with a possible error of £2,000,000,000 either way.

*It is indeed probable that while our *nominal* income has vastly increased our *real* income has somewhat decreased.

†Before the War it was probably a little under 2 per cent per annum.

man. Nor would there be any slack times for William Davis's melancholy undertaker!

One may examine the question in other lights. Apart from the hundreds of millions that have been raised by taxation to meet the cost of the War, the National Debt, when unified, will certainly exceed £3,000,000,000, and probably exceed £4,000,000,000. At 5 per cent these figures mean respectively the addition to taxation of £150,000,000 and £200,000,000 per annum. Pensions and allowances are not here included, so that the revenue raised for all national purposes before the War must at least be doubled before any increase in the old services, or any additional new service, can be undertaken, and that with a large percentage of the most vigorous producers, and therefore of tax-producers, killed or maimed. Or suppose our annual pre-war savings reached the figure of £400,000,000, now worth, say, £530,000,000, this sum mostly going to renewals and creations of income-producing stock. Not only are those savings as they arise wiped out, but in addition from two to three times their amount is lost from our expenditure on necessities and comforts. It is as if a man earning thirty shillings per week, of which he used to save six, should be driven to live on ten. And many other crude uses of these crude figures might be made—valid enough so long as one remembers that the money has somehow, somehow, got to be raised, and that here and now.

Such uses would, however, still remain viciously crude, for several important and many minor reasons. In the first place we are shifting part of the burden on to the shoulders of posterity, and only bearing part ourselves. During the year 1916-17, for instance, about one-sixth of the cost of the War for that year will probably be met by

LIVING AGE, VOL V. NO. 239.

taxation (pre-war services, £200,000,000; revenue, £500,000,000). The rest has to be found, but those who find it, their heirs and assigns, and so forth, will get it back from us and our children. In the next place, to the extent to which there is real net economy, we are not only setting free goods and services for national use, as it were, but also increasing the fund from which war costs may be met. Even if I merely put money, that I would normally have spent, in a stocking or a tea-pot, I perform the services of demanding less productive and transport labor, and of (infinitesimally) reducing prices. If the Post Office Bank is my stocking, obviously I do more than this. In the third place—and this consideration is an important and in some respects a comforting one—though the costs must somehow and in some sense be met here and now, with or without later returns to individuals and corporations, only a portion of them is literally thrown or blown away. Of the £x increase in my income-tax a goodly percentage represents mere redistribution. The sum of all its components that can be pictured as £a to Jones and Co. of Huddersfield, £b to Motoralities of Coventry, £c to Caterers and Co. of London, £d to lathe-minder Smith of Birmingham, and so on, is not less than half, and may be considerably more than half, of my £x contribution.

In the fourth place, some of the civil requirements of the men in khaki have either not to be met at all or not to be met in the same way. The mere saving, for instance, in what the old standing army technically termed "civvies" must be quite considerable, and it is but one of many items. In other words the war-cost of a soldier is an excess-cost, not an absolute cost reckoned from zero.

Such qualifications of the earlier statement represent very different

things. That none stands wholly and exclusively for advantage gained is clearly seen. To the extent to which redistribution endows an extravagant class there is an obvious discount to be made from its equally obvious gain. To the extent to which economy, forced or voluntary, impairs the efficiency of human capital, a similar discount appears. Even so, the total net effect of these and similar qualifications is to lessen the gravity inherent in the cost-account of war as baldly stated.

The general result appears to be that while the gross sum representing the cost of the goods and services used in war has to be found here and now, whether by loans or by taxation, or, to dig deeper, by working harder and eating less, the net total is considerably less than that amount. That the country has so well stood the strain of producing it is legitimately matter for wonder. That it can stand it for some time to come if—which Heaven forbid!—the War so demands, is probably true, given speedy and intelligent adaptation to the changing requirements of circumstance. That confidence after the War, the confidence which restrains itself lest depression follow boom, can help us much to minimize the evil long-period effects of war, is practically certain. At the same time, in the sphere of economic considerations alone, the burden is a grievous burden alike in its amount and in its significance. To suggest that it may reasonably be conceived, for certain purposes, as a burden of about £3,500,000 rather than of £5,000,000 per day, of one-half rather

The Athenaeum.

than of two-thirds of our national income, ought not to be interpreted as an effort to "neglect the weight of the elephant." Whether a better use of the national income could have shortened the War is a question too difficult to determine, since more money in itself could not have produced the reorganization of national resources and aims which the War made necessary. That reorganization was not a financial but a human problem. Whether better use of the national income could have avoided the War altogether is a far bigger and not less indeterminate problem, partly because one can only answer for one's own fellow-nationals, if even for them, partly because every thinkable solution (such, for instance, as the facile suggestion of a greater outlay on armaments) is open to the most serious dispute.

Apart, however, from war and war's uses, that our national income could have stood far bigger communal strains in the past, if it had been better used, goes without saying, and the important question is whether or no those other uses are such in their nature as to make war less attractive, alike to ourselves and to other nations, as a solution of the differences that human intercourse is everlastingly fated to produce. No difference is ever so important a matter as the mode of its solution, and if wealth can find uses, individual and corporate, that will undermine men's faith in the most dreadful solution of all, the burden of this War—the price of justice as consummated by war—will become the easier to bear. But these problems belong to another inquiry.

X.

GRAY.

Or Gray, who on worn thoughts conferred
That second youth, the perfect word,

The elected and predestined phrase
That had lain bound, long nights and
days,

To wear at last, when once set free,
Immortal pellucidity;
And who in that most mighty Ode,
That like a pageant streamed and
glowed,
Called up anew mid breathing things
The great ghosts of our tragic kings,
With doom-dark brows to come and go
Trailing the folds of gorgeous woe.

Thus Mr. Watson honors the art of Gray, who was born on December 26, 1716. It is praise not without a purpose, for Mr. Watson is having a hit at the moderns; but it is the neatest and concisest judgment which has been passed on Gray, and almost the sole public recognition paid to him as a poet by a poet. The "most mighty ode" remains an exemplar, even if it and all the other poems, not even excluding the "Elegy," have met from time to time with querulous criticism. Of recent years Gray the poet has been reinforced by Gray the man and letter-writer; for his is now one of the best known literary personalities of the eighteenth century, and his letters, properly edited at last, can be appreciated to the full. Moreover, few authors have come in for such frequent and careful annotation: the variants in all his poems have become general knowledge; his commonplaces, which are many, have all, or nearly all, been tracked down; and his friendships and manner of life are open to the minutest inquisition. It is a case of *crescit laude recens*.

Perusal of Gray's collected works must always make the reader rather sad. Nearly every one has felt that some explanation is due both for what he achieved and for what he failed to achieve, so many are the projects which he broke off, so tantalizing are his beginnings. Even the text of the "Elegy," for all the care he spent on it, for all the revisions he made of it, is not finally certain; most of us, if we had to choose, would not know whether

to retain or to omit at least one beautiful stanza. Verses in brackets never satisfy. The ode in which the wretch is made to breathe and walk again, which gave Wordsworth a hint and contains a passage sometimes rather fancifully supposed to lift the author right out of his century, is a fragment, though it can be taken as complete. His tragedy stops at the beginning of the second scene; his "Education and Government" became distasteful to him; so did his hymn to Ignorance. No great losses these to posterity, just as his Latin poems are no great gain. But one of them, the Eton play exercise, shows how well he could turn Pope into Latin; another shows not only scholarship but an orderly, scientific mind, which could classify with exact description the generic characters of certain insects. His observations, in the letters, on the weather, birds, crops, plants, and flowers have something in them akin to those of Gilbert White. His specimen translation of Dante in blank verse is excellent and anticipates Cary. His "Long Story," an exquisite piece of humor, he would have suppressed if he could; other humorous verse has survived, but much more which lived long on Cambridge lips has been lost. He wrote a short essay on architecture, in the development of which, as a traveler and a student, he was well versed; he planned a history of English poetry, but never proceeded much further than a few jottings; he had read Lydgate, Gower, and others when they were most neglected; he was the first Englishman, according to the New English Dictionary, to know of the Valkyries; his translations from the Norse and from the Welsh prove the variety of his researches and the extent of his curiosity, which was fired also by Ossian, just as his notes on Plato and Aristophanes indicate the depth of his classical studies. He could have

been Poet Laureate, but he declined the dubious honor; he became, after he had asked for the post in vain, Professor of Modern History, but he never lectured. Easy circumstances, natural indolence, and irregular health account for his want of fertility. It is said that he never spoke out about the state of his health, though his correspondence does not leave his ailments wholly unspecified; and when he rose for the last time from Hall at Pembroke, feeling unwell, he was not an old man. He "never married," as the modern phrase, pitying or congratulatory, puts it; and he left behind him memory of neither romance nor scandal. He was not as the susceptible Gibbon, but he was equally attached to his aunts.

He never enjoyed a superabundant vitality. His home life could not have been wholly happy, for his father treated his mother ill and she separated from him. But the family was fairly well-to-do, and Gray went up in some style to Cambridge. He appears to have had no great liking for college life as an undergraduate, and all through his life he was accustomed to speak of Cambridge with a tolerant contempt; but after the foreign tour with Walpole he was willing enough to return to Peterhouse and to take a degree. By this time the student's life must have definitely claimed him, for he remained as a resident for the rest of his life, with no official status until quite latterly as a professor. He was already famous as the author of the "Elegy," though Peterhouse did not recognize his fame, when he felt it necessary to migrate to Pembroke. He had a sense of his own merit; the parting and reconciliation with Walpole prove it; but he made little pretence to be considered as an author; the world owes to Walpole the publication of the "Elegy," those "few autumn verses" of which their

creator seems to have thought little. The year 1742, when he was estranged from Walpole and lost West, was his most productive period; and he was reading hard at that time as well, Aristotle among other authors. In that year he wrote the "Ode of the Spring," the "Distant Prospect," as much of *Agrippina* as exists, the "Hymn to Adversity," the "Hymn to Ignorance," projected the "Elegy," and finished his longest poetical work, the Latin *de Principiis Cogitandi*—no bad output for a few months. It looks as if Cambridge and snug competence repressed his noble rage ever after; so small is the total of his poetry, and so dilatory was his process of composition. The "Bard," playfully alluded to as "Odikle," as if it were a kind of attendant imp, took him two years and was nearly abandoned. The "Elegy" was eight years on the stocks. On the other hand, the "Progress of Poesy" must have been written more quickly. Few have had greater misgivings of their powers. For posterity, no doubt, it is fortunate that he was not hurried or induced to write against his will. There was no pose in him; he never set up to be a professional man of letters, or indeed a professional hand at anything. He was, above all, an amateur pure and simple; his aim was to be considered a private gentleman, a man of virtue, for virtue he placed above everything, who read for his own amusement. He succeeded in his ideal tolerably well. For all his poetic gifts he was not a professional poet; for all his learning he was not a pedant; for all his long residence in college he was not a don. On the contrary, he had early seen something of the great world, in company with Walpole; he reserved for himself the right to move as he pleased; he liked to come up to London to read and to hear the latest news; though not political, he conceived it his duty

to tell his friends of the latest appointments; he belonged to no literary clique, and he had no desire to incur the company of Ursula Major. He had his own friends and he kept to them.

His correspondence, written frankly and without any affectation in the best of English, shows what manner of man he was. For ease and grace he must rank, like Chesterfield, as one of our chief letter-writers. His letters, like his most characteristic portrait, reveal a man of fastidious tastes and habits, neither finicking nor effeminate, though to the boorishness of much of the eighteenth-century university life he may well have appeared as both; but in manners he was decidedly in advance of his Cambridge neighbors: a deep student not a dilettante, in many subjects, who never let his knowledge burden him; a man who liked elegant surroundings, who kept good china and cheerful window-boxes—the catalogue of his goods, and the care with which he commended them to the Master of Pembroke, probably made that good man think him very fussy, especially when he read the caution against fire; but fire in college was a real danger. He dreaded it at Peterhouse, and describes an outbreak in Pembroke in 1768:—

We owe it to Methodism that any part (at least of that wing) was preserved: for two Saints, who had just been till very late at their nocturnal devotions and were just in bed, gave the first alarm to the college and the town. We had very speedy and excellent assistance of engines and men, and are quit for the fright, except the damage above mentioned. I assure you it is not amusing to be waked between 2 and 3 in the morning and to hear, Don't be frightened, Sir! but the college is all of a fire.

He would have been easier nowadays in a set of modern buildings, electric light

and strictly sober neighbors. It is not surprising that he was glad occasionally to exchange Cambridge for London or the country, though even in London fires occurred; the Sardinian Ambassador's chapel and stables in Lincoln's Inn-fields were burned down.

'Tis strange [he commented] that we all of us (here in London) lay ourselves every night on our funereal pile, ready made, and compose ourselves to rest, while every drunken footman and drowsy old woman has a candle ready to light it before the morning.

He was then in his friend Wharton's old house in Southampton-row,

commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose I shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Museum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cartload, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences.

Two widely divergent types meet in Gray: readers in the British Museum should not forget that he was one of the first of their body to come at any rate from a distance; lovers of the open air and of English scenery can turn to him as one of the first to leave recorded impressions of many parts of England. He traveled, however, for health, not for exercise:—

I am lately returned [he wrote in August, 1770] from a six months ramble thro' Worcestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire and Shrop-

shire, five of the most beautiful counties in the Kingdom. The very light, and principal feature in my journey was the river *Wye*, which I descended in a boat, for near 40 miles from Ross to Chepstow: its banks are a succession of nameless wonders! One out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whateley, in his *Observations on Gardening*, under the name of *New Weir*, he has also touched upon two others, *Tinterne Abbey* and *Persfield* (Mr. Morris's), both of them famous scenes and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I have never heard mention'd, lies on the same river in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Aber-gavenny, Ragland and Chepstow-Castles, Ludlow, Malvern-hills, Hampton Court, near Lemster, the Leasowes, Hagley, the three cities and their Cathedrals, and lastly Oxford (where I past two days in my return with great satisfaction) are the rest of my acquisitions, and no bad harvest to my thinking.

He went north in 1767 and 1769; wrote about the Lakes before Wordsworth; penetrated into many remote nooks long before they were considered either beautiful or fashionable. On September 30, 1769, at three o'clock, he dined at Penrith on trout and partridge, took a walk afterwards and saw through an opening "the lake of Ulz-water with craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills." Next day he went to Ullswater and

saw the Lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blew mirror with winding shores and low points looking out among the trees and cattle feeding.

On October 3, "a heavenly day," he walked out

under the conduct of my Landlord to *Borrodale* . . . and drew near the foot of *Walla-crag*, whose bare and rocky brow, cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet, as I guess, awfully

overlooks the way: our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising, and cover'd with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. . . . Oh Doctor! I never wish'd more for you; and pray think, how the glass played its part in such a spot, which is called *Carf-close-reeds*: I chuse to set down these barbarous names, that anybody may inquire on the place, and easily find the particular station, that I mean. This scene continues to *Barrow-gate*, and a little farther, passing a brook called *Barrow-beck*, we enter'd *Borrodale*. The crags, named *Lodoor-banks*, now begin to impend terribly over your way; and more terribly, when you hear, that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes and in all directions. Something farther we turned aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of *Lodoor Water-fall*. The height appears to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rain'd daily in the hills for near two months before: but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag, that spire'd up to equal, if not overtop, the neighboring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness) on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill shag'd with wood and illuminated by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground hurries away to join the lake.

Another passage is worth remembering, for Gray unconsciously puts himself in the right line of succession

between Milton and Wordsworth, of whom he quotes a passage of the one and forestalls an observation of the other:—

In the evening walk'd alone down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sunset and saw the solemn coloring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains, thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the day-time. Wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

Gray might have seen Wordsworth in his cradle, but the times were not ripe for the emotions which Wordsworth felt. Too much must not be read into Gray's journal of his tour; in "that most mighty Ode," which Mr. Watson so much admires, he had not written so simply and so naturally of scenery; Gray the poet was far less spontaneous than Gray the letter-writer. His thoughts were "worn thoughts" and he took immense pains to find the word for them, borrowing, as he knew well, from others until the whole sometimes became perilously near patchwork. If he points forward to Wordsworth it is accidentally, as in the hymn to Adversity, the form of which Wordsworth followed in his ode to Duty; consciously, he looked backwards, on Milton, Shakespeare, the classics, and several minor writers of his own time. He would have been the last to deny his indebtedness; he owned it, and where he could not own it he feared it. Wide and curious as his studies were, and romantically new many of the paths which they opened up for him, he never realized whither they might have led him. In all his state pieces he looked back or wrote as one of his age. If he used

language not of his age it was to introduce only such words as his reading suggested to him; herein he was more of a pedant than Johnson, who ridiculed some of his revivals. The weak parts of his poetry are where those revivals are too clearly noticeable and where his borrowings can be too easily detected. Many are so artfully concealed that we allow them to be his and feel ashamed to track them. Others are too flagrant; the Installation Ode, for which he probably did not feel much enthusiasm, though he liked being asked to do it, besides containing a terrible stanza about the star of Brunswick gilding the horrors of the deep, plunders Milton's colossal picture of the First Courtship and harnesses two superb epithets unblushingly in the service of a wholly figurative bride, Cambridge University, then courted by, or rather courting, a ducal Chancellor. After all the notes which the commentators have piled up, to say nothing of what a fairly familiar knowledge of literature supplies, these frailties have become widely known and have reacted unfavorably upon Gray. It is the glory of the "Elegy" as it is the charm of the "Long Story," that it is free from them. In both Gray wrote as a man of his own age, and as himself. How laboriously he constructed the "Elegy" we know; we know, for instance, that the names of Cromwell and Milton were only after-thoughts and substitutes for two Roman names, and that the whole poem at one time bade fair to be much shorter; but such knowledge is of no importance. Say what we will of certain turns of language in the "Elegy," certain rather strange constructions and certain small obscurities, it is a wholly genuine product of the man and of his time, a formal man and a formal time, great for this reason and immortal for another.

The Times,

THE GREAT DROUGHT.

(Conclusion.)

Then a suggestion was made to hold a day of prayer.

Who had been the first to think of it? No one knew.

They had discussed it on the Square. They had talked about it in Sieds' public house; they had talked about it in the parish council before the meeting commenced.

Who could say who was the first to suggest it? But one day something occurred which filled the members of the Reformed Church with a great respect for their minister. They had seen Walter come out of his house and go straight to Senserff's vicarage; they saw him ring the bell and go in. And when they saw him come out again, they would have liked to know what he had spoken about. But on the next Sunday the whole community knew, for it was announced from both pulpits, with consent of the respective churchwardens, that on the following Wednesday a day of prayer would be held by all the people, and that there would be a service in each church.

"All honor is due to our minister for being the first to go to the other one," the members of the Reformed Church said, and the Dissenters regretted a little that their minister had not been the one to take that step.*

And so the day of prayer came about, and never before, in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of East-loorn, had a day of prayer been held in midsummer.

The Wednesday came.

*The great or National Church in the Netherlands is the Dutch Reformed Church, which, in former days, was practically co-extensive with the country. In the course of time there were several secessions. Many people who were not satisfied with the Dutch Reformed Church left it, and formed new churches, which gradually grew in strength. The last of these dissensions, took place in 1886 and 1887, and those who brought it about called themselves the Doleful Dissenters.

The heat was even greater than it had been before. There was an east wind, a gentle east wind. The people did not know how it was that the sun and the east wind together did not set fire to the houses and woods. It would not have surprised them at all if a sudden swarm of locusts had come down from the heavens, a swarm such as they had read of in the Bible. In their imagination they were in the land of Canaan all day long, on this day of prayer.

They were all dressed in their best clothes, the men, the women, and the children. Anyone who did not know would have thought it was the celebration of some festival.

They came from far and near, some people from a distance of two or three hours; they came from the uttermost parts of the community, some of them living in huts in the wood, and others on the moor; yet they came, and after their isolation it seemed to these people as if they were having a peep into the great world that day.

People who lived on the other side of the marshland came, and they could now come straight across, and walk through an almost dry river.

The numbers of church-goers increased steadily, and formed a thick crowd. The village street was full of people when the villagers themselves also came out. Who had ever before seen the village so crowded?

No one seemed to have stayed at home. Hitherto one man was always left behind to guard the farm, but there was no one who deemed it necessary to take this precaution now.

The mass of people filed into the two churches; there was not enough room in either, so that some of them had to stand outside on the Square.

And, when the service began, a deep silence came over the congregations; even those standing outside were attentive; it seemed to them as if the church walls had expanded so that they also were inside.

As the invocation was offered everything was so quiet that the people could hear the sighing of the east wind in the branches and among the shriveled-up leaves; they could hear the distant barking of a lonely dog on one of the farms, and, far away, the rattling wheels of the mail-cart which had passed before church-time.

But when the singing began—it was an elegy, a penitential hymn to the Lord—then it was as if the pent-up feelings of hundreds broke out. Now they might lament, these people who considered it ill-bred ever to complain; now they might cry out, these people who considered it ill-bred to cry out. And it sounded loudly; they raised their voices as much as they could, so that, if possible, the sound might penetrate to God's ears, God who sat there on His throne, so high up in the Heavens. It was surprising that the roof did not come off with that singing! that the walls were not shattered as the walls of Jericho!

In the pause between the verses one could hear the ear-splitting singing of the other church, so that when the next verse was begun the shouting became even louder, as if to outvie the other congregation.

That evening, the fisherman's wife, who had stayed at home because she was ill, told her husband that she had been able to hear the singing; and she lived right outside of the village, by the river, there where the river is widest!

When the people were relieved by lamenting to their heart's content, now that it was permitted, they settled for the prayer and to listen to what the preachers had to say for themselves on that day.

And that day all that the ministers said was thought right. Even those who, at other times, always thought it necessary to make some remark, were satisfied now. The general opinion was that never in any church in the country had there been such sermons. Penalty was the keynote of both sermons. Penalty! For the drought was surely a punishment for the sins of the community; for the sins committed openly, and for the sins which had been kept secret. And it was thought quite right that the two ministers spoke in this manner. Everyone agreed with them. And if they had wished to put it even more strongly they were quite at liberty! Each person was inclined that day to magnify his own sins!

And when, finally, after the sermon the last prayer was said, then all the anguish, the fear, the longing and everything the people had felt during those long months was expressed in such a deep, silent joining in the minister's words, that nothing at all was heard in the church save his voice, and a dog's barking on the distant farm.

Not only the preachers wiped their hot faces after the service; every one came out of the church bathed in perspiration.

The sun stood high in the heavens. The worshippers walked homewards, dressed in their thick Sunday clothes, on the hot, dusty, shadeless roads.

No one in Eastloorn will ever forget that going to church.

Neither will they forget that which happened in the afternoon!

When the last man had reached home, even those who lived two or three hours away—a miracle seemed to happen—their prayer for rain was about to be heard!

There was no more east wind; it had gone down. And they were almost certain that they could feel a very faint breath of air, which came from

the south. It was not wind, just a breath, soft and gentle, scarcely noticeable. They could see a faint movement in the leaves of the white poplar. How could that . . .

But suddenly something else happened . . . there, in the sky, in the west, there was a cloud, a cloud of the size of a man's hand. . . . Could God so soon . . .

Only unbelieving eyes looked up at the sky. The unbelief at the possible answering of their supplication was greater than their faith when praying in their distress.

But the cloud came near. There was another white, white and gleaming. The cloud spread, getting bigger and bigger . . . Heavens! was the rain coming.

One big cloud was covering the sun. A dark shadow rested upon the fields. The sun pierced through it, however; but another cloud came drifting over the sun, and this one remained there; the shadow which rested on the fields became darker and spread out. Rain, rain was coming.

And more clouds came and yet more, from the west, heavier, darker, blacker clouds.

The wind also arose and it was a west wind! The heavens were troubled with gusts of wind and black clouds! The dry straw was blown from the thatched roofs. The dry branches could not withstand the sweeping of the trees. The cattle in the meadows turned their backs to the wind.

Here, then, was the answering of the prayer! The Sunday clothes were taken off. The rain-barrels were carefully inspected.

And not one of the entire population remained indoors; all stood outside, with astonished and joyful faces, waiting, waiting, for the miracle, God's miracle!

For one hour they waited, one hour; two hours. But then! . . .

There in the western sky, whence the clouds had drifted, one could discern, low on the horizon, a streak of light, white and clear, untarnished with any black or gray, a cloudless streak of light. And the streak widened and became a clear path of light under the dark vault of thunder-clouds. And the streak of light widened until it reached the sun; the sun, which had been hidden a moment before, once more sent forth his scorching rays, and appeared from under the clouds, red and glowing and terrible! It was as if a great fire broke out behind the clouds; flames of sunshine leaped at the clouds, and pierced holes through them; the clouds gave way; they fled. The patch of light in the sky spread and the sun shot flaming arrows at the drifting clouds. Within half an hour the sky was again blue and gold from one end to another.

The people thought they had beheld a vision; had there really been clouds in the sky?

They put their hands up to feel the wind . . . the wind came from the east. Had there been a west wind at all?

They rubbed their eyes and looked about them in all directions, as if they had been deceived.

They did not remember putting on their everyday clothes. Who had placed the tanks there to catch the rain?

And how was it that the dry leaves were scattered about the ground, and why were there holes in the thatched roofs? Had a dream passed over the village, a dream of gray and black clouds, a dream of those who thirsted for water, and, lo, there was no water?

There was no one who could interpret the vision, if it had been a vision. And there was no one who ventured to talk about the dream. The husband avoided his wife's questioning

glances, and the children dared not look at their mother.

A deep silence brooded over the village, and the entire population bent their heads under the weight of—God's anger, of which the ministers had spoken in the morning.

The thought of God's anger was the only thing they remembered about that day of prayer. God's anger hovered over the village, from east to west, from north to south. God's anger rested on Eastloorn for many days and weeks yet.

The two ministers pointed out in vain that they had not meant this in their sermons; they had spoken about sin in general, not about any special sin, committed in the parish. The people believed quite firmly that their own particular sins had invoked God's anger, and they were convinced that their ministers only tried to dissuade them because they pitied them in their plight. They were quite, quite sure of it: this was God's anger.

For what had taken place in the evening of the day of prayer, when the sun shone forth from beneath the clouds? Not the sun, but the archangel Gabriel had appeared in the Western heavens; they had seen a great light; he had swung his flaming sword through the clouds. Those were not tongues of sunfire which had leaped up against the clouds, but sparks from Gabriel's sword as he drove away the clouds in the name of God. Could any one yet doubt that God's anger had come over Eastloorn?

This thought brought about a weight of depression, such as they had not felt before.

God's anger was quite a different matter from the feelings of fear which they had experienced before. For in this case the consciousness of their own guilt prevailed, for sins which they had committed and sins which they

had not committed. They blamed themselves for everything. And above all they felt ashamed.

It was customary in most families to read a portion of the Bible after the midday meal, and the father of the family in those days turned to the "Prophets" by preference, and he would read to his wife and children the judgments which are written there. And after he had finished reading, he was afraid to pray. For was it possible for a sinner to pray?

When Ilting, the bell-ringer, started his duties at six o'clock on Sunday mornings, as if he wished to proclaim unto all people that the Sabbath had come—he used to imagine that he had been called unto this work by God Himself; he felt as if he were doing a good work. He took hold of the long rope with a great reverence, and as he pulled there was a beautiful expression on his old face; no one would have recognized the old laborer in him. And as he pulled the rope a small voice seemed to chime in with the ringing of the old bell: "I call them, oh, God! I call them, oh, God! I will not leave one at home, oh, Lord! They shall all come to thy Temple, oh, Lord!" And when he saw the large number of people gathered together in God's house, he would look at them from his seat by the door with secret joy, as if he were saying: "I have done this, Lord" And he would gaze up at the preacher with a wonderful look in his eyes, as if he wanted to say: "Now they are all gathered together and you must do your best, or my work will have been in vain!"

But that was all before the great drought. Now, when he climbed up the steps to the rope he was overcome with fear. He scarcely dared touch the rope. He looked out of the small window and across the fields; a curse lay upon the land, and upon its people. He saw the dry bed of the river in the

distance; a curse lay upon the river. He watched the cattle, scattered here and there on the wide meadows; a curse lay upon the cattle. A voice from heaven seemed to call out to him: "Ilting, when you come to appear before me, who has required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Your Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity." He knew this part of the Book of Isaiah very well; he used very often to read it in those days; that text, it seemed to him, had been specially written for him. How, then, should he dare to touch the rope? He could not do it.

An hour afterwards, when Walter had called him to the house, to reprimand him for neglecting his duties, he said: "Sir, do you remember that text in Scripture about the calling together of the assemblies: 'I cannot away with it; it is iniquity?' That text was written for me. How then can I ring the church bell?"

And only after much persuasion and finally a strict order, had he climbed up the steps of the tower once more and started to pull the bell. He had stood there with shaking knees and trembling hands. The people said that they did not even hear the ringing at the other end of the village, not even at Green's cottage. And after that day, on the following Sundays, as long as the curse rested upon Eastloorn, Ilting the bell-ringer had done his duty as one of those who had committed and was committing most sins.

He was ashamed. Every one was ashamed. The people felt ashamed as they went to church. The incident about the bell-ringing had leaked out, and the general opinion was that the minister had been in the wrong. That text from Isaiah was the subject of conversation as they walked together and went into the church. Some of them turned back after they had already entered the door. Soon there

were empty seats in pews which had never been empty before. Every Sunday there were more people who remained at home. With a curse resting upon them, they felt that they had no right to enter a holy place. And if they did join in the divine service they felt as if they had done wrong. They were ashamed and made up their minds not to make the same mistake another time.

There were even some of the elders who stayed at home. They began to doubt whether they were really called by God to fulfil their office.

"I have put forth my hand to the ark of God as Uzza did," Kremar said one day to Danik.

Danik, who was not very bright, failed to understand the allusion.

"Have you not read it in the Bible, Danik?" Kremar explained, "that David wanted to take the Ark to Jerusalem? The Ark stood in the house of Abinadab, which was at Gibeah, and Uzza and Ahio, the two sons of Abinadab, drove the cart, upon which the Ark of God was set. And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor the oxen stumbled and Uzza put forth his hand to the ark of God. What a fool Uzza must have been! Did he think that the Ark wherein God lived could not save itself? God smote Uzza on the spot, Danik, for his error, and there he died by the Ark of God! Do you see, Danik, that it is possible for a man to act as Uzza did? What right has a man to become an elder? Does he imagine that God requires him, and that everything cannot go on quite well without him?"

Kremar dared not enter the church after that day so long as God's anger was upon Eastloorn. He felt ashamed of being an elder, and the general opinion was that he was quite right. Every Sunday there were fewer people in the churches.

But something else took place before it came to this.

When on the day of prayer God's anger became manifest, there had been a great change.

Gelf's wife said: "This anger has come upon us because we have strayed from the Church; we have been tempted by the Dissension, we must go back!" And the next Sunday Gelf's wife and her three big sons were seen sitting in their former seats in Walter's Church, as if they had never been away. Many others followed their example, driven by the same motives.

On the other hand, Ubbo, the fisherman, said to his wife and children: "The Lord's wrath has come over us, because we have been disobedient to His voice, calling us from the Church." On the next Sunday the fisherman and his family sat among Senserff's congregation. And many others followed his example, driven by the same considerations.

The two ministers were surprised at their congregations. No one could tell which of the two was the more grieved. But this phenomenon stopped, and more and more people stayed away altogether. The two worthy men were seen walking together, near the old oak tree, in close conversation, as if they were confiding to each other their great sorrow. The two ministers also were overcome with shame, and each Sunday they felt it anew.

The sense of shame was mixed up with the daily life of the people.

When Iken went to have a look at his buckwheat field,—and he could do that as often as he felt inclined, for he had nothing else to do,—when Iken went to have a look at his buckwheat, he would stand there not knowing what to do, and he felt ashamed. Had he dared to blame Providence, he would have said: "Lord, it is thy doing; thou wilt not allow the seed to

take root, and thou wilt not send rain!" But he blamed himself.

"Kassens," he said, "the seed is no good. I have not been careful; do you remember last year when the seed was brought in so damp, I thought it would do for sowingseed. But I should have taken other seed. I did not keep it dry enough in winter either. You see, my boy, I have done a foolish thing." He felt ashamed.

"Wilps," he said to his next door neighbor, "I was too late this year with my sowing. It is my own fault; I should have started burning the heath three weeks earlier; then the night dews would have made it come up. At that time there was enough mist from the river; but when I started sowing it was too late and there was no more dew. Why did I put off burning the heath so long?" He felt ashamed.

After he had spoken to several other people in the same manner, he gave it up. He was afraid they might think that he was secretly wanting to blame Providence, and blaming himself with his lips only.

He avoided any conversation about his fields. He could not tell people that in the secrecy of his own inner-room, he also blamed himself. What man in Eastloorn ever told any one what he prayed in his inner-room? For in that case he would have to admit that he prayed; "Oh, Lord, the buckwheat is not coming up; but I can tell thee alone that it is not the fault of the seed, or the burning of the heath. I do not blame the drought either. No, oh Lord, it is on account of my sins. I know it, oh Lord; thou visitest my sins on me and on my house. Oh Lord, I confess my sins before thee, even my secret sins, and the sins of my youth; punish me, but do not wipe me out from thy Book." And he had not even ventured to pray for his buckwheat.

He was ashamed to be seen by any one. When he saw the minister coming in the distance, he jumped across a hedge and disappeared out of sight, so that when his wife went to look for him, she could not find him and the minister did not meet him that day. Iken did not go to church either in those days. His field which was barren and bore no fruit, as the field of an accursed one, seemed to accuse him day and night, in church, on the market, alone, and when among his friends. He went about with bent head, and ate very little.

As in a vision, which was not far off, he saw his harvest ruined, his barns empty, his wife and children without bread, he himself dishonored, disgraced in the eyes of the whole village.

But how was he to be blamed then? What was his crime? He had not acted differently to all the others, he had always been righteous in his generation. And yet the drought had come and had scorched all his good works on the field of his spiritual life, and only an overwhelming sense of shame was left, as the reflection of the cloudless summer sky.

Everything was dying without and within.

He felt ashamed, so that he became quiet and reserved, and refused to see any one.

When Jaris' old horse died, no one suggested that it might be of old age; it must be God's anger which was upon the beasts too. And that opinion was confirmed when two goats belonging to his neighbor were found dead in the stable next morning.

Schepers went to the marshes every day, to count his sheep. He was quite astonished that there were none wanting. He wondered how the animals could possibly live with so little water to drink.

One day he saw a stag standing on the highest hill, a stag with large horns.

The animal held his head up high, sniffing the wind as if he hoped to find some moisture in it. "It sniffs up the wind like the dragons," Schepers said in Bible phrase. He had never understood that verse before, but now it was quite clear to him. The stag was not seen again, either by him, or by the poacher who was always to be found, wandering about the fields. For there was no water.

God's anger rested upon all the meadows, and upon the fields, and upon the beasts, and upon the people.

Shame cannot live in the human heart forever.

There is a shame which makes the blood rush to a girl's cheeks; but lo! a moment after the blush has died away; how great is the sense of shame when the blush is no longer on her cheeks?

There is another kind of shame, which comes gradually step by step, and finally conquers every other feeling: this shame takes away all color from a face and makes it deathly pale, and brings a wild, questioning look into the eyes, as of one who questions and gets no answer. That sense of shame is deeper and of longer duration; it lives in the human heart, but then at last it dies out until nothing is left.

Who can say how long a sense of shame will live in the human heart?

In Eastloorn it lived for five or six weeks. Then it also died out, as all the other feelings which had come before had done. September had come. And how could any one expect the sense of shame to exist longer?

When September came, all the people had become indifferent.

Indifferent.

Did they still look at the sky, when they came outside in the mornings? Did they still go to the back of the house to look towards the West? And did they gaze at the horizon? Did they put up their hand, to feel the

direction of the wind? And did they still listen to the rustling of the dry branches in the white poplars? Did they still rub their fingers across the boards of the well, to feel if there had been any dew during the night?

No one did these things any more.

Were they still sad, as their eyes wandered over the potato-fields? Did they still take a stroll to their corn-fields, or to their meadows? Were they still disappointed when they saw the shining milk pails, standing there unused? Did they listen to the encouraging words of their ministers, who were more faithful than ever in visiting them; did they still listen to their kind words? Were they bewildered as they remembered how in former years, at this time, the hay stacks were quite ready?

No, a great indifference had come over every one and over everything.

But it was an indifference which suddenly changed into wildness; the inhabitants of Eastloorn became wilder than they had ever been before.

Afterwards they tried to explain exactly how that wildness had come about. And the general opinion was that it had begun at the time of the Fair.

Yes, to be sure, there had been a Fair in the neighboring town. And all the young people had gone there; for at any rate there was no work to be done. Why should they not go after all? And then the older ones went too. The people had behaved disgracefully at that Fair. They finished all their money in the public-houses. Those who never entered a public-house went then. Those who were never drunk were drunk then. Men and women who were usually an example to others had lost all self-control in their wanton excitement. No one dared mention the subject afterwards. Several young men were caught and taken away by the policemen. There

were twice the usual number of marriages this year.

Who cared what happened? Who could still think?

Even when the Fair was over, the wildness did not stop; there was more swearing and blaspheming than any one had ever heard before. The young men wandered round in other villages to pick quarrels, and bragged about their deeds of violence for days after.

The village was no longer the village. The people no longer talked in their former sweet and gentle manner, excusing everything, forgiving everything; but in a hard, brutal, cantankerous manner, hurting others and inflicting wounds and then revelling in those wounds.

Now that God had forsaken his people, what use was there in being good? How could they be good? For all they cared, Satan might rule upon earth.

The psalm, sung by a heavy man's voice and a shrill woman's voice, mingling with the voices of children, was only heard in very few houses at that time. But it sounded strange, as voices from another world. The wild songs of noisy boys passing by had the upper hand.

It was at this time that Ake's lost son suddenly returned to the parish.

"What should prevent him coming back?" he thought, "for they were all prodigal sons now. Who could reproach him with anything?"

One evening he was suddenly seen sitting in Sieds' public-house, holding a glass of gin in his hand. "Was that Joop?" they wondered.

"Yes, it is Joop; you are quite right; do you not recognize me? I have come back, for we all are alike now. We shall drink, boys, and fight!"

He, who before had been declared an outlaw, had been shunned by all,

so that he had to leave the village, was now received with shouts of joy. It was as if it relieved them to find some one who was even more wicked than they themselves.

In the weeks that followed theft was the order of the day,—theft and incendiarism, unnecessary incendiarism on the heath and in the woods, as far as to the German town. And Joop was the soul of all that wantonness. The older people in the village could not prevent the young ones following him. The young girls were afraid of him, and did not venture out in the street in the evenings.

But he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. One fine day he was gone, and no one set eyes on him again. They supposed he had gone to the distant city of Rotterdam, of which he had bragged to his eager listeners. No one could say with any certainty why he had gone.

But a vague rumor went abroad that he had quarreled with big Garst, who lived near Southloorn, because his pretty sister Reeze had come home very late one night, crying, and with torn clothes. She had cried all night, and all next day. And she would not tell any one what it was about, not even her mother.

"Was it Joop?" Garst had asked his sister afterwards, when he found her alone one day behind the stable.

She had not answered, but she gave a loud cry and ran into the house, with arms outstretched and clenching her fists, and a terrified look in her eyes.

And Garst knew then that it was Joop.

And two days later Joop had disappeared from the village for good; he was afraid that big Garst might find him alone one day on the moor.

Then a big silence came over Eastloorn, even in the thoughts of the people. Who could still think? They

were tired and exhausted with thinking, always thinking about the same subject for eight months.

The silence brooded everywhere. There was no sound to be heard in the pine trees, no rustling of leaves in the white poplars. The pine trees had dropped their brown needles, and the poplars stretched their bare and withered branches heavenwards; all the leaves lay on the ground.

There was no more longing for rain. What would be the good? The time had passed; it was too late. What good could the rain do at the end of September? Everything was lost and could not possibly be put right again.

The people went on living mechanically. They got up early in the morning, as they had always done; they went to bed early, as they had always done; and they ate the little they had to eat.

But no one's thoughts were different in the evening to what they had been in the morning; no one seemed to think at all, either before, during, or after the meal. No one thought while the chapter from the Bible was being read after the meal.

No one said: "Why am I not working today?"

No one talked with his fields; even Sander had ceased to do that.

The bell-ringer no longer thought as he was ringing; he had no more scruples.

No one said: "I am sad."

And no one said: "Why am I not cheerful?"

Oh, the silence was very deep in Eastloorn, in the woods, on the moor, in the houses, and in the hearts of men.

For all they cared, everything in their lives and everything in nature might have remained just as it was. There was no more hope. The time for that had passed. But, when all expectation and all desire had died away,

then the change came. It was quite natural that it should come, but no one took any notice. Only later on, in winter, they often spoke about it. And then they remembered all that had gone before.

It was about the middle of October. And it happened in this way. One morning the sun shone through a thin, a very thin, haze. There were no clouds, no mist, yet there was a grayish look about the sky.

A day later,—the same thing, a little more pronounced this time. The sky looked a trifle grayer. In the evening the stars looked less clear and bright; they twinkled in the sky with a very small, faint light, without any life.

Yet a day later—the same thing, still more pronounced. That morning, Schepers, standing on the hill where he had seen the stag, could not discern the town steeples; and in the afternoon he could not see even the Southloorn church tower. Was that caused by a mist from the sea? "If it had been a damp mist, I should have seen it on the barrel of my gun," the poacher remarked.

Yet a day later—the same thing, but still more pronounced. The sun no longer had an aureole of sunbeams, but an aureole of mist, and it was there until sunset. Had it been the time of the burning of the heath, one might have thought it was caused by the smoke.

A day later,—the same thing, still more pronounced. Standing by the bridge at the entrance to the village, one could not see the dyke where Ebel's windmill stood. The mill was still visible, but the sails were not. Towards the afternoon Laker's pine-wood looked like a floating island, sometimes hidden from view, sometimes clearly visible. The bridge-man looking at the dry river-bed, as he had done so often during all those long

months, noticed that there was a little moisture on the rail of the bridge.

Next morning there was moisture over all the country and on the roofs of the houses. There was no sun to be seen. One could only tell by a patch of light in the sky where the sun was. It was also colder, as cold as it is in November. The cattle in the meadows stood herded together. And the fisherman saw a gull skim the surface of the water, where the bulrushes grew: and a moment after he saw another gull.

And the next day it came. Very gently, very slowly, as moist vapor descending upon earth; then small drops, very small drops, and at last, at last, rain; a rain which came in a steady downpour for days and weeks.

But no one rejoiced in Eastloorn.

The people were still wrapped in that deep silence.

The deliverance had come too late, for winter was fast approaching. Winter, without any glad thoughts of a full haystack, and without any thoughts of potatoes to be dug up, and wheat to be threshed in the barn, and without even any certainty of daily bread. Winter now stood for poverty. The silence might have brooded over Eastloorn for a good long time.

If something unexpected had not happened one Sunday, the people would not have been roused from dull despair; they might not have begun to think again until next Spring. This is what happened.

On that particular Sunday morning the Jew's wife had said to her husband: "Jacob, what are you doing? You are putting on the wrong clothes. It is not the Sabbath today; what is the matter with you?"

And he had said: "Sarah, be quiet. I am going to church, to Mr. Walter's church; I want to see if the people can

rejoice when the minister speaks to them. Sarah, be thrifty, I used to say!"

And the congregation had seen him standing in the church, by the pillar near the door, during the whole service.

No one had stared at him as if he thought: "What business has the Jew to come here?" Jacob thought they were all very polite, not to show their astonishment.

And when, after the service, the churchwardens met in the vestry, and when they emptied the collection bags on the table, in order to count the money, they were startled and looked at each other in surprise; for, on the table, among all the small coins, lay a bank-note of a thousand guilders.

It was in that week that the inhabitants of Eastloorn began to think again, and that hope revived.

And this new hope was brought about by yet another incident.

In the vestry of the Dissenting Church Senserff had said to his churchwardens: "Brethren, I have heard about the thousand guilders which have been given in the other church. The Jew was ahead of the Christian this time, but that cannot be helped; I only wish that I had spoken a week sooner; then it might have been different. For I intend to hand over my stipend for half a year to the poor fund. As you know, I have no wife, and no children; I can afford to do it better than any of you. May God help the poor!"

Then the villagers once more began to think, and also to work; and the old piety returned.

Eastloorn was as it used to be.

S. Ulfers.

"DOWN GLASSES"—THE TEST CASE.

Do Mr. Lloyd George and his Ministry of all the Energies, for such we gladly and hopefully acknowledge it to be, mean business? If they do, the whole nation, the whole Empire, and indeed the whole civilized world, will rise up and call them blessed. If they do not mean business, if they are going to talk about winning the war and are not willing to do what is necessary to win it, they are accursed. They will be standing between the nation and victory.

What test can we apply? How are we to ascertain whether they are a Ministry of talk and profession, a Ministry governed by political finesse, a Ministry with a House of Commons conscience, or a Ministry intent on action, sincere and courageous, a Ministry who have put aside doubts and hesitations, who understand what the nation ought to do and mean to make them do it, without any thought

of whether this great interest, or that powerful Parliamentary group, will be offended? The test which we seek is to be found in the way in which the new Ministry handle the question of "Down Glasses," of Prohibition during the War. If they handle that question fearlessly and thoroughly they will have given proof that they are a truly national Ministry, a war-winning Ministry, and they will in a stroke have achieved the confidence of the nation. If they do not stand the test but give in to the opposing forces, what hope is there that they will not succumb to our enemies? If they cannot kill the rat, is it likely that the tiger will fall before them?

We shall be told that we are exaggerating. The *Spectator*, it will be said, happens to have a temperance fad at the moment, and most unfairly insists on making agreement with this fad the test of Mr. Lloyd George's

capacity. We admit that this sounds a plausible argument. Yet it can be shown beyond all doubt that his handling of the "Down Glasses" problem will prove or disprove the Government's sincerity. *Remember we do not say for a moment that they have yet proved themselves insincere. We only say that they are on trial and that they cannot evade the test. Our fervent hope is that they will meet it and come triumphant through it.* But not only is it a test. It is also a matter of the most urgent and practical importance. The Government have proclaimed in trumpet tones certain facts which point to the policy of Prohibition during the War and to nothing else. Facts within every man's own knowledge endorse the truth of that proclamation. Mr. Lloyd George and every member of his Administration concerned with the matter tell us that the food question is of the utmost gravity. What does this mean? It means that we are face to face with the possibility of national starvation if we cannot do two things. If we cannot economize in the foodstuffs which we have in hand, and if we do not somehow increase the shipping which brings them to us from oversea, the nation must perish or submit to its enemies. These are not prophecies, or foreshadowings. They are hard facts, facts so brutal indeed that one sees the men who state them shrinking from the appalling task of forcing them on the attention of a half-awakened nation. Consider the action to which they point. If foods are used for anything but feeding human beings, or feeding the animals upon which men live, that grave misuse must instantly be stopped. Next, if anything interferes with the use or production of ships able to bring food into what the Minister responsible has called "the beleaguered city" of these islands, that inter-

ference must be crushed as if it were treason. These are the inferences which must be drawn from the words of the Government. Can it be said, then, that we are treating Ministers unfairly by insisting that their intentions must be tested without delay? Here is our test. The manufacturers of intoxicants are every day destroying large quantities of food in the manufacture of what is not food, or can only be called food by a specious use of language.—There is no doubt some nourishment in beer, but it is nourishment produced under conditions so wasteful that to use the argument that foodstuffs are being put to good use when they are being turned into beer is a derision.—We are destroying all sorts of grain which is needed for our bread, and sugar which is wanted so urgently to keep our people in health and to make our children grow strong, in order to keep the breweries going. Take this sentence from the *Grocer* of October 14th, which is set forth in one of the admirably drawn advertisements of the "Strength of Britain" movement: "From the recent official intimation it is intimated that future arrivals [of the better grades of low cane sugar suitable for grocery purposes] must be devoted solely to the use of brewers or brewers' sugar-makers." Here are some more facts in regard to the way in which food is now being wasted in the manufacture of intoxicants. Sixty-five million bushels of grain are every year being turned into beer, while three hundred and sixty million pounds of sugar—enough to supply every family in the kingdom with forty-five pounds—are used every year by the liquor trade. To put the matter in another way, "three million acres of arable land are devoted to the growth of foodstuffs to be converted into alcoholic liquor. These acres would grow enough wheat to keep the whole

of London supplied all the year round."

And remember that not only does the liquor trade seize the grain and the sugar that might go to feed the people. It uses up tonnage, railway trucks, and coal, all necessary and in urgent demand for the transport and preparation of our food supplies. *The brewer's van stands between the people and the bread-cart.* The brewery is wasting in the production of an unnecessary luxury the very life of the people. Here is no question of morals, of temperance fads, or whether it is a good or a bad thing that people should be allowed the gratification of the senses which admittedly they find in a moderate use of intoxicants. We are no teetotal cranks. We do not want to interfere in normal times with people's personal habits—hygienic or non-hygienic. On matters of health let them judge for themselves. All we say is that when it is certainly a question of food shortage, and may be a question of actual starvation, it is madness, it is a crime, for the Government to allow our daily dwindling supplies of wheat and sugar and coal to go in the manufacture and transport of drink, and at the same time to allow the depletion of our man-power caused by the employment of hundreds of thousands of men in making, selling, and moving beer who might be doing war work.

These arguments, if they stood alone, would be overwhelming. But they do not stand alone. If intoxicants could be distilled from the clouds without the waste of a single quarter of wheat or of one ounce of sugar, we have no business to use them during the war. We call liquor a stimulant. In truth it is for the mass of men a drug, a sedative. It slows down the human machine, and so interferes with our power and efficiency. When you want the last ounce of work out of a

man you must feed him with all the strength-producing material at your command. You must not dope him with alcohol. This is no temperance bombast. See what a body of non-temperance business men say on this matter. The shipbuilders of the Clyde, men who are deeply impressed by the need of more shipping, and who are straining every nerve to give us the tonnage without which we shall perish, telegraphed to the Government a message which, if we are not blind or sunk in moral idiocy, we must listen to. They declare that "*the first essential step is the immediate total prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the United Kingdom, applying to all classes and individuals alike.*"

How easily the Government can carry out the policy of "Down Glasses" no man knows better than Mr. Lloyd George, for two years ago he formulated a perfectly practicable plan for accomplishing it. Shortly, this was to take over the Trade during the war, as we have taken over the railways. The Government pay the distillers and brewers the average interest which they got from their businesses in the three years before the war. In addition, compensation is found for retailers where they cannot be put to other remunerative work, for no one need be or ought to be ruined by the change. The distilleries that are not wanted, though most of them are wanted, for the manufacture of alcohol for explosives or for manufactures or for transport, can shut down till the final decision at the end of the war. As for the brewers, let them brew, as they perfectly well could, beers with less than three per cent of alcohol—*i.e.*, with less alcohol than ginger-beer—from hops. Hops, remember, are not a food. They cannot answer "Ruin," for the Government will guarantee their interest. The thing is perfectly simple, and

can be done without imposing any impossible burden on the State, though in all this business we demand just compensation as strongly as the Trade.

Once again, their action over "Down Glasses" is the test of the Government's professions. If when things are in the state in which they are the Prime Minister means to tell us that he must leave the liquor question alone, who can believe in his sin-

The Spectator.

cerity or that of his colleagues? If he accepts the test and comes through it, as we hope and believe he will, he will have taken the longest step yet taken towards the victory.

The notion that the workingmen will rise in rebellion to secure their liquor is wild nonsense. If the Trade is properly compensated, as we insist it shall be, we shall hear no more talk about "No liquor, no munitions."

RUFUS AND RUMMIE.

"Well," said Francesca, "we've discussed everything."

"Yes," I said, "we've set everybody right. We've won the War. We've planned out at least two alternative Governments—one to suit *The Times* and the other to be smiled upon by *The Morning Post*; and now there's nothing more left to do except to go to bed."

"Have we really got as far as that?" said Francesca. "What's the time by the clock?"

"Clocks," I said, "don't matter in the country—at least not so far as bed-going is concerned. One goes to bed when one feels inclined to without looking at the clock."

"Well then," she said, "I don't feel inclined to for a minute or two. I've got a notion there was something I wanted to say to you and that I haven't managed to say it yet."

"You don't often feel like that, do you? I mean, you generally manage, don't you?"

"You needn't," she said, "be anxious about it. It won't sap my health. Still, I should like to remember it."

"How can you expect to remember if you don't do the things that abolish forgetfulness? Come, come! Lean your chin on your left hand; wrinkle

up your forehead as hard as you can and tap it three or four times with the forefinger of your right hand. Bravo! or rather Brava! That's the way. I bet you've remembered now."

"Yes," she said, "I have. I wanted to ask you about our dogs."

"Ask away," I said. "What have they done now? You don't mean to tell me they've got covered with mud and then gone to sleep on the sofa. I shall be seriously displeased with *Rufus* and *Rummie* if they've forgotten themselves so far as to do that."

The two dogs, who were lying on the floor, hearing their names, wagged each a friendly tail.

"Oh, yes," said Francesca, "they've got covered with mud all right, and they've been on the sofa."

"Then," I said, "I've done with them. I shall get rid of them."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said. "Why, you generally encourage them to lie on the sofas and chairs."

"I only said it to please you."

"And," she said, "you've failed again."

"Sorry," I said. "You were going to ask me something."

"Yes," she said. "Have you read a letter in this morning's *Twinkler* calling on the Home Secretary to issue an immediate decree for the

destruction of all dogs? It is signed *Common Sense.*"

"Yes, I read it," I said. "He says dogs are useless mouths at a time like this."

"And he says they're a public danger too, for he saw a Major-General tripped up by a Pekinese in the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

"It's a long road," I said, "and mostly a very uninteresting one. It must have been quite a pleasant excitement to see the Major-General upset."

"But," she said, "do you think they'll do it?"

"What," I said—"issue the decree? They may. There's no knowing."

"If they do," she said, "I shall take to the woods with *Rummie*."

"And I shall follow you," I said, "with *Rufus*; and we must carry with us a sofa, or else they won't feel at home, poor dears, after they've splashed about in the mud."

"I call it giving the show away to the Germans," she said.

"Well, they haven't done it yet. If I were you I shouldn't worry about it just at present. For tonight, at any rate, *Rufus* and *Rummie* are quite safe."

"Right," she said; "I'll be off to bed," and away she went, taking *Rummie* with her.

Punch.

After she had left I don't quite know what happened. I seemed to be in the Bakerloo Tube with *Rufus*, who growled because the conductor said "Peddington! Peddington!" in a loud voice with a Russian accent. The Conductor then became a bull and snorted at *Rufus*. "Dogs," he said, "are six a penny, but there's a discount on taking only one." *Rufus* bit him in the nose, and the carriage became a cattle-market full of rams' horns, but with no signs of any cattle. I was aware of terrific but undefined dangers, through which *Rufus* led me safely, wagging his tail. Next I knocked at a black door studded with iron nails. It was opened by my Cambridge bedmaker, whom—though I knew her to have been dead nearly twenty years—I had expected to see. "Tell the Dog-Controller," I said, "that I'm waiting." The door rolled back and I found myself with *Rufus* in the Tower of London. The headsman was ready, but he could not decapitate me because *Rufus* would insist on getting in the way. At last he gave it up and threw away the axe and asked me to take it out in cigarettes. *Rufus* then led me home, barking loudly in triumph. "No Major-Generals for us," I said, and awoke in my armchair.

R. C. Lehmann.

A NOTE ON STYLE.

It would be pleasant to let the imagination escape from the one question that matters and have it play a little about the one that never mattered—style in writing. I mean never mattered to unbelievers on earth. Supremely, style is everything in writing; and the faithful who strive for it here are worshippers offering up a prayer. Style in Paradise, they say, is universal, even the heavenly Yellow

Press being steeped in it. No definition of what style exactly is can be agreed on, for there is a perpetual and direct clash of opinion as to this thing. Even agree on its definition, the right application of it remains in dispute. There are those who would sever style from substance. They take style for a pretty-pretty fit for fiction, and to be scorned by fact. Style is to run and hide from war

figures or a debate on education or German science. Yet really the more cumbrous and forbidding the subject-matter, the more the need and the provincee of style. Inert masses can only be made to live by the touch of style. But as to its nature—some have taken correct grammar to be style: they would set Dr. Peter Pangloss on Olympus with Sidney and his peers. They hold that to write “vehemently to differ” is the mark of style, but to write “to vehemently differ” is the mark of a lost soul in English, or a soul never found. Five-and-twenty years ago they eagerly discussed whether “under the conditions” and “in the circumstances,” or “under the circumstances” and “in the conditions” were style, till it was pointed out that nice English shies away from either when it can. There is “reliable,” too, against which—according to a strange floating rumor—Sir William Harcourt once raged in a weekly review—though none remembers where. It is said no man has a nodding acquaintance with style who writes “reliable”; yet how could a man speak of a trustworthy soap? There is also that old agony of our childhood about “It is me,” “It is I.” Nearly all the hard arguments are for “I,” yet there often flashes across the mind one of the loveliest things done in English: “Sometimes I went forth to the nooks in the deep meadows by the hazel mounds, and sometimes I parted the ash tree wands. In my waistcoat pocket I had a little red book made square: I never read it out of doors, but I always carried it in my pocket till it was frayed and the binding broken; the smallest of red books, but very much therein—the poems and sonnets of Mr. William Shakespeare. Some books are alive. The book I still have, it cannot die; the ash copses are cut, and the hazel mounds destroyed.

“Was every one, then, so pleasant to me in those days? Were the people so beneficent and kindly that I must needs look back; all welcoming with open hand and open door? No, the reverse; there was not a single one friendly to me. Still, that has nothing to do with it; I never thought about them, and I am quite certain they never thought about me. They are all gone and there is an end. Incompatibility would describe our connection best. Nothing to do with them at all; it was me. I planted myself everywhere—in all the fields and under all the trees . . . and that is why I have never put myself into the charge of the many wheeled creatures that move on the rails and gone back thither, lest I might find the trees look small, and the elms mere switches, and the fields shrunken, and the brooks dry, and no voice anywhere. Nothing but my own ghost to meet me by every hedge. I fear lest I should find myself more dead than all the rest.” Change that “It was me” into “It was I,” and an outrage is inflicted on a master.

But then syntax is not style. One would as soon term the ink style or the book of reference.

These peddling points are not worth between them a farthing nib—let them be. After all, there was great virtue in that saying, grown a stereotype, that style is the man. It absolutely is. It is the man, and the most original, individual part of him. Without originality, without heaps of individuality, without independence—for that, perhaps, is the grand essential—style can never be reached by a writer, though a certain smooth form and though a stylishness are constantly reached—and these sometimes pass for the real thing. Thus style in a way is destiny—for a man is born individual or, possibly, is environed unconsciously into it: he can-

not achieve it by taking pains, any more than he can change his voice from bass to tenor. He may achieve expression by taking pains, but that is only putting on the cloak of style. Another point to be noted about style is its vitality. That is why it never results in rows of dead words. It may—it often does—use dead words, regular corpses: thus, “resident” or “residential,” “late-lamented,” “talented authoress.” It may scatter a largesse of them, yet at its touch they live. There seems to be a speck of radium in any word or phrase, in a commonplace or stereotype, but it burns unseen till the magic of style illumines it.

Independence and vitality are of its secret armory. Style cannot be reached by observation, by imitation. In some supreme examples of style the vitality is amazing. In Hazlitt's story of his first walk with Coleridge the whole gives out an impression of warm physical life. We are in contact with living beings, and lean, with the pines, to catch the enchanted words that fall from Coleridge's lips.

Style in certain haunting lines of
The Saturday Review.

Shakespeare can produce a sort of tears in the reader: no one is able to his honest satisfaction to explain why, for it may occur where the passage is not obviously poignant at all: in the sonnets, in “Pericles,” in “A Winter's Tale” there are these tears in Shakespeare.

One would like to probe the question of delicacy in style, were there time and patience. A strange view is that delicacy means want of strength. Now if the critic were to say that indecency in style meant want of strength, the suggestion would be worth following up. Delicacy in writing—so rarely achieved!—signifies of course, strength in writing. Delicacy is the terrible, finding point to the sword of style. Not to be delicate is to be an ox in writing. (There are some tempters who would swing a betel, instead, to inflict punishment in print; but they strike themselves between their own knees.) No muff, no weakling was ever delicate in style. But this is a department in style which, at some leisure, one could examine and discuss, irrespective of the larger, far more tantalizing question.

G. A. B. D..

THE DARKNESS.

It was common enough during the first year of the war to meet people who took an æsthetic pleasure in the darkness of the streets at night. It gave them “un nouveau frisson.” They said that never had London been so beautiful. It was hardly a gracious thing to say about London. And it was not entirely true. The hill of Piccadilly has always been beautiful, with its lamps suspended above it like strange fruits. The Thames between Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars has always been beautiful at night as it pours its brown waters

along in a dusk of light and shadow. And have we not always had Hyde Park like a little dark forest full of lamps, with the gold of the lamps shaken into long Chinese alphabets in the windy waters of the Serpentine? There was Chelsea, too. Surely even before the war, Chelsea by night lay in darkness like a town forgotten and derelict in the snug gloom of an earlier century. And, if Chelsea was pitchy, St. George's-in-the-East and London of the docks were pitchier. There we seemed already to be living underground. The very lamps, yellow

as a hag's skin with snuff in every wrinkle, seemed scarcely to give enough light to enable one to see the world of rags and blackness which one was visiting like a stranger from another planet. One finds it so difficult to conjure up the appearance of London in the time before the war that one may be exaggerating. But, so far as we can remember, night in London was even then something of an enchantress, and London the home of an enchantress. Her palace-lights, her dungeon-darkness, her snoring suburbs tucked away into bed as a refuge from the piano and the gramophone—here, even in days of peace, was an infinite variety of spectacle. Not that we will pretend that the suburbs were ever beautiful. They are more depressing than a heap of old tins, than a field of bricks, than slob-lands, than vineyards in early summer. They are more commonplace than the misuse of the word "phenomenal" or the jargon of house-agents. They do not possess enough character even to be called ugly. They are the expression in brick of the sin of the Laodiceans. Neither the light of peace nor the Tartarus of war can awaken them out of their bad prose. One thinks of them as the commodious slave-quarters of modern civilization. The human race has yet to learn, or to re-learn, how to build suburbs. It is a proof of our immorality that we cannot do so. Well, the darkness has at least hidden the face of the suburbs. It has changed long rows of houses into little cottages, and monotonous avenues into country lanes down which cautious figures make their way with torches. Sometimes in these circumstances the dullest street becomes like a parade of will-o'-the-wisps. The post-girl alone, with her larger lamp, is impressive as a motor-car or a policeman. She steps with the self-assurance of the State past the

images of lost souls looking for Paradise by candlelight.

Certainly, the first searchlight that waved above London like a sword was wonderful. That made the darkness—and Charing Cross—beautiful. The lovers of darkness were right when they praised searchlights. Probably the first of them was but a tiny affair compared to those that now lie thick as post-offices between the hills of north and south London; but it impressed the imagination like an adventurer among the stars. One would not have been unduly surprised if one had caught sight of the prince of the powers of the air making his way on black wings from star to star at the end of its long beam. Later on, London sent forth a hundred lights. She spent her evenings like a mathematician drawing weird geometrical figures on the darkness. She became the greatest of the Futurists, all cubes and angles. Sometimes she seemed like a crab lying on its back and waving a multitude of inevitable pincers. Sometimes she seemed to be fishing in the sky with an immense drag-net of light. Sometimes, on misty-moist nights, the searchlights lit up the sluggish clouds with smudges of gold. It was like a decoration of water-lilies on long stems of light. On nights on which a Zeppelin raid was in progress we have seen the distant sky filled, as it were, with lilies, east and west, north and south. And, for many people, the Zeppelins themselves seem to have beautified the night. For our part, we confess we cannot regard the Zeppelin without prejudice as a spectacle. That it is beautiful as a silver fish, as the lights play on it, we will not deny. Nor can one remain unmoved by the sight as shells burst about it with little sputters, like fireworks on a wet night. But, even as a pyrotechnic display, the Zeppelin raid has, in our opinion, been overesti-

mated. They could do better at the Crystal Palace. As soon as the first novelty of the Zeppelins had worn off, it was their beastliness rather than their beauty that impressed itself even upon those with the most persistent passion for sight-seeing. Even the sight of a Zeppelin in flames, awe-inspiring though it was, soon ceased to be a novelty calling for superlatives. All the same, London of the searchlights and the Zeppelins will not be forgotten in sixty years. Men and women now living will relate to their grandchildren how they saw a ship in the sky in a tangle of gold lights, and how the ship was then swallowed up in darkness, and how, after a space of darkness and echoes, the sky suddenly purpled into a false dawn and opened into a rose of light. Then hung in the air for a moment was a little ball of flame, and then the darkness again, and only a broken rope of gold hurriedly dropped down the sky to announce the ultimate horror of disaster. Those who had a nearer view of the affair will have their own variant of the story. They, too, will tell how the sky was suddenly flooded with monstrous tides of light at midnight, and how the wonders of morning and sunset were mingled, and how the sunset began to move towards them with its red eye, with its red mouth, a vast furnace-ship, an enemy of the world, increasing, lengthening, a doom impending, till once more darkness and foolish cheers, and laughter and anecdotes in the streets. Assuredly, the darkness of London has had its interesting moments.

We are willing to admit the attractions even of the common darkness of the streets. Perhaps it has become, from an aesthetic point of view, excessive in recent months, and, except on moonlight nights, we have too much the air of shadowy creatures of the Brocken as we make our way

about in the dimness. The tram that used to sail along like a ship with all its lights burning was certainly a prettier thing to see than the dismal 'bus of these days, packed like a doss-house charging into obscurity. A long line of taxicabs can still give a street in a busy hour the appearance of a stream of stars, and on a wet evening even a procession of vans with their red lights reflected in the pavement can impart to the commonest road the magic of a Venetian canal. But the darkness is by no means so beautiful now as it was when a few windows were still left lighted. At the time of the first lighting regulations, we were given a subdued light instead of a glare, and buildings with every feature out of place revealed themselves as impressive masses, and illuminated advertisements disappeared, and we could still see to read the evening paper in a 'bus, so that we were rather gratified, or at least disinclined to grumble. Now, however, we have reached the stage of real darkness. To go out in it is, as we heard a servant remark, like going into the coal-hole without a candle. There are parts of the town in which even the soberest man may walk into a tree or a lamp-post, and there is almost no part of the town in which during the dark of the moon a man may not fall down a flight of stone steps—and will not, if he does not carry an electric torch. Perhaps the best compensation Londoners have been given for the darkness is the exquisite variety of the means by which the lights have been dimmed in different neighborhoods. In some suburbs the lamps simply look as though they had been dirtied like a slut's face. Elsewhere they wear masks pierced with holes, and are terrible and black like inquisitors or mediæval executioners. Some of them are blue, some green, some brown, some flamingo-colored. London, that lawless city,

was never more admirably lawless than in this. Light falls from many of them like the veils that little children wear in Catholic countries on taking their first communion. From others it falls like the garment of a ghost. Other lights give the effect of a row of Chinese lanterns hung high above a high street. But there is no sense of merriment amid all these fantastic odds and ends of lights. The light regulations have manifestly muted the life of London. Even the Australian and Canadian soldiers who pace so determinedly up and down the Strand and hang in groups round every corner have an elfin and unsubstantial appearance among the shadows. Men not in khaki look black as Hamlets. Girls of the plainest are mysteries till one hears their voices. The porches of theatres are filled with a blue mystic light that would make one speak in whispers. Night certainly falls on London like a blanket. Of course, it is mostly illusion. There is, as they say, all the fun of the fair going on for those who are young and giddy of heart, and London is not without laughter and loud voices and reeling figures. But the effect is, undoubtedly, depressing. Public-houses, darkened

The New Statesman.

like prisons, no longer invite the mob with bright and vulgar windows. Cinematograph theatres are as gloomy-fronted as though over their doors they bore the motto: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." Rather than venture into such a wilderness of joylessness, many people prefer to sit at home and play tiddleywinks. Or argue. How they argue! Luckily, in the beginning, there were created, along with the earth, a sun and a moon, and neither policeman, nor magistrate, nor any other creature has any power over them of regulation or control. It is the moon that makes London by night beautiful in war-time. It is the moon that makes the north side of Trafalgar Square white with romance like a Moorish city, and makes the South Kensington Museum itself appear as though it had been built to music. London under the moon is a city of wonder, a city of fair streets and fair citizens. Under the moon the arc-lamps in their cowlings no longer affect us like sentinel killjoys. They seem feeble and insignificant as dying torches when the moonlight performs her miracles and exalts this city of mean dwellings into a beauty equal to that of the restless sea.

THE TWO REPLIES.

The first thing that strikes anyone who reads the two replies which President Wilson received from the belligerents is that they make the anger which the American Note excited seem exceedingly foolish. Dr. Wilson's intervention was denounced as unwarranted and suspected as a pro-German move. It was loudly declared to be impossible for the Allies to state their terms, and it was asseverated that to ask them to do so was to invite them to walk into

a German trap. The whole thing was planned most conveniently for Germany, most awkwardly for the Allies. Such was the theme of scores of angry articles in the English press. Yet after three weeks we have the Allies indicating their terms quite as fully as Dr. Wilson suggested, while it is Germany that replies with vague generalities. Not only so, but we believe it will be found to the advantage of the Allies that these terms were defined, and to the disadvantage

of Germany that hers are left indefinite. It will be to the advantage of the Allies in relation to one another, to neutral opinion, and, we believe, to that important body of opinion in Germany and Austria which has become restive under the prolongation of the war and is only held in check by the sedulously propagated story that the Allies intend the destruction of Germany as a nation. The German Note, on the other hand, avoids all definiteness both in its accounts of the past and in its proposals for the future. With characteristic lack of humor, it complains of the deportations of civilians from occupied territory, as though Germany had never enslaved a Belgian or a Frenchman; of breaches of international law such as the Declaration of London, which was never ratified; of England's "starvation campaign," which was and is a reprisal upon the submarine campaign initiated and waged with circumstances of great inhumanity by Germany. The German Note may pass muster with Germany but will not impress America.

The Allied Note, on the other hand, is valuable in the first place as evidence and surety of mutual agreement. The Allies' maximum terms are now stated in outline, and they are adjusted to one another. The standard of mutual reliance between the Allies has throughout been high as compared with most of the alliances of history—remarkably high when we consider the geographical difficulties of communication and the vast ramification of divergent interests involved. It was confirmed by the Pact of London, by which the Allies undertook to act together in the making of peace, but it will be still further consolidated by this concrete agreement as to the definite ends pursued by each and all. Even more will the Note benefit the Allied cause in the eyes of neutrals, and particularly of Americans. To

begin with, it revives the principle of nationality, of which we heard so much in 1914 and have heard so much less as the wear and tear of war has tended to fritter away our ideals. The doctrine of nationality means at bottom that people ought to be as free as geographical limitations allow to choose their own Governments and their own political associates. The Allies propose no encroachment on German or Austro-Hungarian territory that is not based on this principle. There are portions of Germany which have been separated violently against the well-known will of their population from the land to which they belonged. Such are Alsace-Lorraine and part of Schleswig. Such is Posen, which once was part of Poland and, if the Tsar's plans mature, will be part of Poland again. This is all of Germany which could be claimed under the fullest interpretation of the Allies' terms, and that all this would in fact be claimed is not to be lightly assumed. The reply, quite rightly avoiding detail, says nothing of the conditions under which any or all of this territory might be required of Germany. There is, indeed, one expression in the Note which we think unfortunate. It is the allusion to "territorial" arrangements which may "guarantee" frontiers against attack. "Guarantee" is a term used by German annexationists. In fact, it easily becomes an aggressor's covering phrase, and the Allies would have done better to dispense with it. Apart from this phrase, what is there in the entire Note to which a liberty-loving American can take objection? As a believer in the American Constitution—and it is the peculiar gift of Americans that they believe enthusiastically in their own Constitution—he too will uphold the right of Belgian and Frenchman to live under Belgian and French rule, of the Alsatian to return if he so wills.

to the allegiance from which he was violently torn forty-six years ago, of the Italian of the Trentino to live under one law with men of his own speech. Nor will any American, or for that matter anyone with an elementary sense of humanity, boggle at the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. A little bit of Europe is Turkish in population, but the Turk, though a clean fighter, is perhaps the most consistently bad master of whom history preserves a record. The story of the birth of half a dozen new nationalities is the story of their emancipation from Turkish rule, and if this war does not end the Turkish empire in Europe and over the predominantly Armenian provinces civilization will have lost another great opportunity. Lastly, Americans will note with satisfaction that the American plan of a League of Nations is welcomed in general terms by the Allies as a whole. It has also been endorsed by the German Chancellor, and some sort of international arrangement is now becoming an accepted part of the program of all nations.

The German Note ends with a declaration that, the Allies having refused the "road to peace," the responsibility for the bloodshed now rests on them. This is an important point for the German Government, not merely in its bearing on neutral opinion but in its effect on their own people. The German people are tired of asking for bread and being given

The Manchester Guardian.

victories. They cannot live upon Hindenburg's bulletins, and more and more insistently they want to know why the war is going on. It has become necessary to convince them that the Allies are bent on the destruction of Germany. But, if so, it is clear that the Germans cannot leave the matter where it stands at the close of their present Note. They invited the Allies to a conference with terms unstated, but on the general principle that the Germans had won victory. The Allies declined precisely on this general principle, the truth of which they denied. Dr. Wilson then suggested that both sides should give such an indication of their aims as might serve for the basis of a discussion. This the Allies have done and Germany has not done. It is now, as the Americans themselves will say, "up to" the German Government to be as definite as the Allies. But can they be definite and still hold their own people together? Will they venture to ask Germans and Austrians to hold out for the sake of annexation of still more non-German territories? Or will they frankly meet the first point of the Allies by abandoning all pretensions to annexation and so rendering it possible to continue discussion? In the first event they stand to lose the support of many of their own people; in the second they abandon the original object for the sake of which they deluged Europe with blood.

MR. BALFOUR'S DISPATCH TO AMERICA.

Mr. Balfour's American dispatch, accompanying the translation of the Allied Note, is a powerful and timely piece of argument, which may be commended to all who desire that when peace comes it should be

lasting. President Wilson has expressed this desire, and beyond doubt he feels it deeply and sincerely; but if he wishes to give effect to it, he cannot ultimately afford to view the terms on which the present struggle is

to be ended with that aloofness and unconcern which he has hitherto professed. This is Mr. Balfour's thesis—that the durability of the coming peace must largely depend upon its character, and that no stable system of international relations can be built on foundations which are essentially and hopelessly defective. Thus not only would a peace ratifying Germany's conquests be unstable, but so would a peace restoring the "status quo." For it would merely restore the conditions which invited German aggression, and leave the aggressive Power in a position to repeat its attempt, with all the prestige which its military victories had added to it, and with the lessons of experience to enable it to avoid seeing such victories again rendered inconclusive.

What were the pre-war conditions? Mr. Balfour compactly summarizes them as—

The existence of a Great Power consumed with the lust of dominion, in the midst of a community of nations ill-prepared for defense, plentifully supplied, indeed, with international laws, but with no machinery for enforcing them, and weakened by the fact that neither the boundaries of the various States nor their internal constitution harmonized with the aspirations of their constituent races, or secured to them just and equal rights.

He points out that the changes in the map of Europe, which the Allied Note foreshadows, aim directly at the removal of the last of these evils; and he argues, justly, as we think, that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe is in this respect quite as essential a part of them as even the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine or of Italia Irredenta. He might indeed (and no doubt would, but for considerations of space), have gone on to show the same regarding those further changes which involve the break-up of Austria-Hungary. We

are really at a loss to understand the demur to them, which is raised in a few quarters. One would have thought it obvious, not only that Germany's conquest of Austria-Hungary in the present war provided a new and cogent reason for some such policy, but that the galling subjection of the Austrian and Hungarian Slavs, which did in fact provide the match for the present European explosion, would not fail to be a source of friction and unrest on the Continent so long as the national aspirations of the Jugoslavs in the south of the Dual Monarchy and the Czecho-Slovaks in the north continued, like those of the Poles, to be forcibly suppressed.

The larger and the most valuable part of the dispatch deals with a point well understood in this country and in France, and much less well understood in America. This is the need for an Allied victory which shall decisively destroy the prestige of German militarism in its own country. As long as that doctrine and its exponents retain their present hold on the German people, there is every reason to anticipate that they will make the substitution of law and arbitration for war as difficult in the future as they have in the past. Mr. Balfour is right in saying that the outbreak of war in 1914 taught us something that we could not know before. We knew before that arbitration and peace-enforcing or armament-limiting treaties were not favorably regarded at Berlin. We knew that Germany had never signed a single arbitration treaty, or been a party to a single arbitration; while Great Britain and the United States had been parties to many scores. We did not know how brutally and decisively the German contempt for all arbitraments but that of force would manifest itself in the supreme crisis. It is pathetic to see in some sections of the American Press the

illusion that the war is "liberalizing" German statecraft. Why, the very Chancellor who is at the head of this "liberalism" is the statesman who regarded the invasion of Belgium as the mere tearing-up of a scrap of paper. Is it a fact without significance that no single German public man associated with the "liberal" tendency—not even Herr Scheidemann, the Socialist—has dared breathe a

The London Chronicle.

word in reprobation of the Lusitania massacre? Until the militarist prestige thus illustrated is destroyed in a more fundamental way than anything but defeat can destroy it, there seems no practical possibility of fitting Germany into the scheme of a treaty-bound and peace-loving international community. And that is perhaps the principal lesson which America seems not to have yet sufficiently learned.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Graymouse Family" by Nellie M. Leonard (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) is a fanciful little story for young children who are possessed of enough imagination to follow the adventures of a family of mice, who play and talk and carry on very much after the manner of children. Fifteen or twenty amusing pictures by E. Walker show them at their pranks.

"An Ambassador," by Joseph Fort Newton (Fleming H. Revell Company) might be a bit of biography or a bit of fiction. But it is neither. It is a volume of sermons, most of which were preached in the City Temple, London, and it is the opening sermon, preached last summer as the message of an American to struggling and suffering England, which gives the book its title. The sermons touch upon the deep things of life and faith, and are helpful and inspiring.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" This tremendous query from Job is the starting-point—the text—of a book by Judge Daniel A. Simmons of Jacksonville, called "The Science of Religion." He acknowledges frankly that all nature "shrieks against his creed of immortality," that death and only death seems to be her goal.

Then very cautiously he begins to note facts from Nature that prove something beyond her—the "Universal Intelligent Force" as he elects to name God, the possibility of a spiritual existence after the decay of the body. The book is original in thought, clear in statement, and shows a wide knowledge of contemporary investigations and hypotheses. It has about it an exquisite air of the courteous, old-fashioned South. The very language, shrewd and simple as it is, possesses a certain elegance. Fleming H. Revell Company.

Emmy Lou has come back. With her familiar sturdiness of character she has refused to grow up after the usual manner of little girls in books but starts in again at the age of four. Only in the last story does she get to be thirteen and Emily Louise. A very ponderous preface announces that she has a purpose in life and that in "Emmy Lou's Road to Grace" her difficulties will be religious rather than educational. For a few pages the effect is depressing, but we soon discover that Emmy Lou is as lovable and as humorous as ever, and from then on it only imparts more meaning to the incidents. She confuses Baptists and Bohemians, wonders about St. Metho-

dist and St. Presbyterian, and takes her friend Izzy and a small and disreputable colored baby to her very exclusive Episcopalian Sunday school. She is mortified when St. Simeon's archly tells her young escort that it doesn't give change to gentlemen at church fairs and he has to walk home alone in consequence. She struggles to understand the prejudices of sect against sect, and finally gets an inkling of the road of service toward which all these mysteries point. Through it all she is still the same quiet, puzzled, loyal, affectionate little person, and George Madden Martin writes of her with the same tenderness and sympathy. Some have set amusing children in their books, and others have drawn very pathetic ones; but few authors have combined both with such perfect understanding and respect as Mrs. Martin. D. Appleton and Company.

Those familiar with "Green Mansions" could never underestimate Mr. W. H. Hudson's power of imagination or charm of style, but in his last book, "Tales of the Pampas," he seems to have become established in this new field and treats with a surer touch material which precisely suits his genius. "Tales of the Pampas" is a collection of short stories and a final poem which embody the folk-lore of South America as the Joel Chandler Harris "Stories of Uncle Remus" embody the folk-lore of North America. But these two differ as widely as the viewpoint of the Spanish-Indian mind from that of the African mind. These weird interpretations of nature have many themes common to all folk-lore. El Ombis is the haunted house; Pelena Vier's wife, who is a being of beauty by day and a winged monster

by night, is another version of the harpy. Nino Diablo is the child devil common to all Latin folk-lore, but the wonderful charm of all these stories is something apart and belongs to Mr. Hudson. "Tales of the Pampas" is written with the consummate art that would persuade the reader that the author himself believes these nature stories. Who is to prove him wrong? Alfred A. Knopf.

"Wild Earth," when it first appeared, gave Padraic Colum instant recognition and a prophecy that "his may become the most beloved name in Irish literature." Mr. Colum has added to these original interpretations of the heart of the humble a considerable body of new poems, all showing still his intimate acquaintance with the Irish peasant, his blithe humor coupled with the constant touch of tragedy and pain, his mysticism. His technique is still uneven, his lines occasionally difficult to scan—as were Robert Browning's—because this poet is not anxious to manufacture smooth verse. It may be wilfulness—it may be art—it certainly is effective in producing the rough young farmer-folk and their fairies.

The moon-cradle's rocking and rocking,
Where a cloud and a cloud goes by;
Silently rocking and rocking,
The moon-cradle out in the sky.

The hound's in his loop at the fire,
The bond-woman spins at the door;
One rides on a horse through the court-yard;
The sword-sheath drops on the floor.

That is our author at his best and his best is exceedingly fine. This new edition is called "Wild Earth and Other Poems." Henry Holt and Company.